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CITY OF WASHINGTON

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATEST MARVEL OF SCIENCE—A PRIMA DONNA WARBLING A SCENA FROM AN OPERA INTO THE PHONOGRAPH.

SEE PAGE 111.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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OUR NEW OFFICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that, having outgrown its present quarters, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE is removed from Pearl Street—where it has long been one of the landmarks of New York City—to Nos. 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, on the northeast corner of College Place, a point more convenient of access, and in every respect more eligible.

For several years the building lately occupied by us has been so wholly inadequate, that removal to a vastly larger structure—one in which can be concentrated the multifarious branches of our enormously increased business—was not simply a matter of economical expediency, but one of absolute necessity. At the same time the change from a dingy, old-fashioned building to a spacious white marble structure, with a handsome and attractive exterior and an airy and brilliantly-lighted interior, will be commercially and sanitarily advantageous.

MARYLAND'S STRONGEST SUIT.

IT would be mere affectation on the part of a newspaper which claims to be an intelligent observer of passing events if it should appear to be unaware of the importance of the recent step taken by one of the great States of the Union, preparatory to bringing suit in the name and behalf of that State to question and have adjudicated the validity of the Louisiana electoral returns and the resulting electoral count. It will not do for a practical thinker to attempt, at this stage, to dismiss this action of a sovereign State by characterizing as Blair's Bill what has become a statute of the State of Maryland. While speeches were being made in the State Legislature, and it was a question whether buncombe did not form the body of the business, and particularly while it was questionable whether the State would commit itself to any action, it was possible to belittle the whole proceeding, and comment on it as belonging purely to party politics and partisanship. But now we have a question for political students in the field of constitutional rights as high and grave as the structure of our Union is complicated and sacred. It may be the questions raised will never pass the forum of Congress to the forum in which it is sought to have them determined.

The proceedings heretofore had have amounted to the State of Maryland making up its mind and empowering its Attorney. The thing immediately sought from Congress now is leave to sue. The complaint is that the franchise and electoral rights of

the suitor as a sovereign State, and of each and every of the constituent sovereign States, have been impaired and defrauded in the promises, and the balance of the Federal structure shaken by studied fraud. It will be seen in this light whether or not the present appeal to Congress is a small matter or likely to be successful. To whatever party the readers of this article belong, it behooves them to carefully consider the probability of the application being granted or defeated. What is likely to be urged in support of the application? It will be said that every one under a government of law, whenever he claims that his rights are impaired, is entitled to "his day in court" to have the complaint determined, and that it is not just in advance, in considering the application for leave to sue, to pass upon the question whether the supposed wrongs are imagined or the complaint made from angry or partisan feelings. If a foreign State should ask to sue in our courts, there is no imaginable case where the permission would not be given. No fear of any possible result would constitute an obstacle.

But an objection of a very serious question will meet the application of the State of Maryland—one which will call into requisition all the statesmanship of the supporters and of the opposers of the Bill. That objection will go to the jurisdiction of the proposed court to try the questions involved. How, in view of the provisions of the fundamental Constitution relative to counting and declaring the electoral votes, can jurisdiction of the question be taken from the Senate or from the Congress or from the President of the Senate, to whom, or some, or all of whom the duty of making and declaring the electoral count is intrusted by the Constitution? But our readers will remember that a majority in Congress are not adherents of the President, and, whether Democrats or Republicans, may desire to make Mr. Hayes as uncomfortable as possible, even if they did not suppose it was possible to remove him from office. What will probably be urged in answer to our last objection by those members of Congress? It will be something like this: The Electoral Commission, which received the indorsement of both houses of Congress, and even the voice and hand of Congress for the purpose, declared and decided, and its declaration and decision was adopted by Congress and the nation, that Congress was not competent, in making the electoral count, to go behind the returns sent by a sovereign State. That any question of fraud in procuring the signet and livery of the State could not be investigated by Congress. That it was not a court to try questions of contested elections by taking testimony. And, finally, the Electoral Bill passed by Congress reserved and excepted any suit or proceeding affecting the subject which might properly be brought in the Supreme Court from the operation of the Bill. Now the present complaint, it will be said, is of a fraud of the precise character which Congress has decided that it was not competent for Congress to undertake to determine during the session of the Electoral College; and that it never has been decided and never can be except by the Supreme Court; that there is no jurisdiction in the Supreme Court adequate to investigate and adjudicate upon the effect of fraudulently personating a State in the Electoral College in a case where one of the several States asks such investigation and adjudication, and the jurisdiction for the purpose has been declined by Congress, by the Senate, and by the Executive. There is another thing that will evidently be said. That whether or no the sole jurisdiction of such questions is in Congress, is a subject than which none is fitter to be brought to judgment in the Supreme Court, whose duty it constantly is, under its constitutional powers, to determine whether the acts of Congress are constitutional. The powers and prerogatives of Congress can safely be left to the decision of the chosen supreme law tribunal of the land. It is to be presumed if the sole jurisdiction of questions of fraud in the electoral count is in Congress, the Supreme Court will so decide.

Therefore, it would not surprise us if Congress should give leave to initiate this great lawsuit. Neither would it much surprise us if the Supreme Court should decide that it was so far a political question that it was, under the Constitution, left to the legislative and executive branches of the Government assembled with the Electoral College, and had accordingly been already passed upon. Or that no provision was made for the case under the Constitution, and that, therefore, it had been properly disposed of as a political question. Or if jurisdiction was accepted, it is not unlikely that the decision reached by the Electoral Commission would be also the decision of the Supreme Court—namely, that whatever punishment was provided in criminal statutes for the wrong-doer, each State had its due vote when due credentials were deposited with whatever vote reached the Vice-President; and that the difficulty of defrauding the particular State was to

be the sole guarantee of other States, which, as States, were only concerned in the votes of States, not of citizens.

SUBSTITUTES FOR RELIGION.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has a happy faculty of putting things. His recent article in "Macmillan's Magazine," on the proposed substitutes for religion, placed a few salient ideas in a striking and suggestive setting. The special substitute for religion which he considered is that proposed by Comte and his school. It is quite needless to go over the ground so admirably covered by the article in question. Comte's system recognizes the religious sentiments in man, but virtually denies the existence of any corresponding objective realities of which these sentiments are the natural equivalents. The human eye corresponds to the light, and the forms and colors of the visible universe. For the ear exists a world of sound. Each of the senses finds a corresponding fact to satisfy it. The intellect has truth to discover; the heart has persons to love. But according to this system, the faith, the aspirations, the worship of man, have no real objective ground and reason for being. The whole spiritual side of human nature—the side which has created the faiths of the world and built its temples, and inspired its poetry and music, and given character its elevation and conduct its nobility and benevolence—has no facts corresponding to it in the universe. There is no God, in any intelligible sense of that term. To spell humanity with a capital H, and call it God, is merely to play with words. Mankind did not create the universe. It is not the Cause of things which reason seeks. It had a beginning, and so far as this planet is concerned, according to the best scientific foresight, it will presently end. Reason demands a God that was not born and will not die. But how can the soul that aspires to the perfectly good and holy worship "Humanity," when every individual of the total mass of beings covered by that word is imperfect and unholy? A thousand millions of imperfect, sinful beings are as incapable of inspiring adoration and justifying the soul's homage as one.

To substitute "Humanity" for God is like putting a hunger in place of a feast. And whatever influence may survive and operate after the death of the person who exerted it, is no more of a substitute for personal immortality than the light and heat thrown off by the sun are substitutes for that fountain of luminous fire. Religion recognizes the persistency of all good influences, and the immortality of the mind that exerts them also. The striking thing about all the proposed neological and materialistic substitutes for religion is their inadequacy to the place and the service required of them. The materialistic conception of the world and human life may represent one phase of the truth; but it cannot be sung nor prayed. It would not develop a system of noble, unselfish, benign morality. It would not inspire a lofty heroism, nor feed devotion's sacred flame. The race might go on with it a while from the force of already acquired momentum, but when that was spent the progress would end. The ideal side, the upper side of human nature, requires a religion of finer mold and loftier pitch and diviner upreach than molecular atoms and chemical forces and physical dynamics of any and every sort can supply. It is easy to criticize any existing form of religion. Perhaps all of them are open to valid objections. Perhaps the forms of all religious systems have been outgrown, and somewhat pinch the body of faith and impede the soul of goodness they were meant to cover and serve. But if any one imagines that religion itself, as a moral factor in human life and force in society, has had its day and can be bowed safely out of the door, it is only necessary for him to scan the proposed substitute for it to discover his mistake. Religion may have superstitions, like cobwebs, under its venerable roof; if materialism has fewer superstitions than religion, it is because it has less room for them to gather in and fewer faiths for them to fasten to. Religion may have unreasonable and ignorant teachers; but it has no more superficial and noisy representatives than Ingersoll. Religion may be overgrown with bad theories and dogmas and worship; it is the rich soil that produces the most luxuriant foliage. But the no-religion, which many people have lost their wits in crying up, is a barren heath, too dry and hard and sterile to produce even weeds.

A STATEMENT prepared in Congress concerning the receipts and expenses of the free delivery system of the Post Office Department, shows that when this system was established in 1864, the annual appropriation for its support was \$180,000. During the new decade the service developed so rapidly that the appropriation for 1874 was \$1,700,000. Previous to this year the system was not self-sustaining. In 1875 the appropriation was \$1,190,000, and the in-

come \$1,964,000. In 1876 the appropriation for this service was \$2,000,000, and the income \$2,084,000. In 1877 the appropriation for the service was \$1,900,000, and the income \$2,260,000, and for 1878 the appropriation was \$1,825,000, and the income for the first six months of the year \$1,173,157. The estimated revenue from this system for the present year is more than \$500,000.

A POSTAL CONTROVERSY.

THE recent order of Secretary Sherman, assigning to the use of the Revenue Collector of this district a small portion of unoccupied space in the new Post Office building in this city, has excited considerable discussion, and awakened apprehensions as to the precise nature of the tenure which the United States has in the premises upon which the Post Office is erected. It is probably a fact well known that the southerly portion of the City Hall Park was, in the year 1867, conveyed by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New York to the United States Government, but it is doubtful if the public are so generally informed of the restrictions contained in the deed of conveyance, which, if legal and capable of being enforced, have already served to divest the United States of all title to the premises conveyed in the deed, or to the costly edifice since erected. It seems improbable that the United States should pay five hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of being a tenant at sufferance of a plot of ground less than three hundred feet square, even though it is situated in so desirable a location as the City Hall Park; and when to the former expenditure is added the further outlay of between six million and seven million dollars, cost of erecting a substantial and elegant structure, the improbability becomes almost an impossibility. Yet the difficulties which the ordinary mind clothes with so much of importance have, if rumor be not at fault, been surmounted, through either the superior shrewdness of our City Fathers or the indifference of the representatives of the United States.

The uncertainty cast upon the nature of the tenancy of the United States in the Post Office building and the land covered by it springs from the deed itself and the conditions contained in it. After granting to the United States an absolute fee of the premises described therein, the deed recites the following condition: "That the premises and every part and parcel thereof, and any building that may be erected thereon, shall at all times hereafter be used and occupied exclusively as and for a Post Office and Court House for the United States of America, and for no other purpose whatever"; and upon the further condition that "if the said premises shall at any time or times cease to be used for the purposes above limited, or for some one of them, or if the same shall be used for any other purpose than those above specified, the said premises hereby conveyed, and all right, title and estate therein, shall revert to the parties of the first part, their successors or their assigns; and the said parties of the first part shall thereupon become the absolute owners of the said premises, and every part thereof, with the appurtenances, and they may then re-enter the said premises, and for ever thereafter use, occupy or alien the said premises and every part thereof in the same manner and to the same extent as if these presents had not been recorded."

Why a provision so sweeping and stringent should have been inserted in the deed of conveyance it is difficult to determine; it bears upon its face the stamp of the "jug-handle," and it is clearly not on the side towards the United States. No man in his sober sense would purchase a piece of property upon conditions similar to those which are saddled upon the Post Office property. Even in a lease of real estate, covenants restraining the rights of the lessee, and tending to affect his free and full enjoyment of the premises leased, are strongly objected to, and rigidly excluded when practicable. It is a much less usual occurrence, however, to inflict upon the purchaser of a fee restrictions and conditions which would deprive him of the power to exert an absolute ownership over his possessions. Such conditions have always been looked upon with disfavor by the courts, and their illegality, times without number, has been thoroughly established. On grounds of public policy certain conditions in conveyances have been upheld, but only to protect the public or rightfully interested individuals from damage or injury arising from an improper use by an owner of his property. For this reason nuisance clauses, and other provisions in deeds restricting the use of the premises conveyed for any noxious or other trade or business harmful to the health or morals of the public, have been enforced at law. In all such cases the conditions imposed have been manifestly just, legal and beneficial, and a violation of them would cause irreparable damage or injury either to individuals or to the public.

It is a pertinent query to ask what necessity arose which required so strange a restriction upon the use of the Post Office premises by the United States? It could scarcely have been supposed that the National Government might at some time engage in the business of glue-making, or turn the handsome edifice into a vast soap-boiling establishment. Nor could it have been feared that the United States would, at some future time, hang out the sign "Hotel," for the purpose of evading the stringent provisions of the Excise law. The object of the City Fathers may have been to protect the interests of the vendors of cigars, sandwiches, cold eggs, etc., who are tenants in possession of the New York County Court House, and prevent a competition on the part of the old Post Office pie-man, who had made arrangements to occupy a prominent position in the new edifice. If the latter supposition is the correct one, the decision of the court has already sustained the legality of the restraining clause. Whatever may have been the purpose of the city officials in interjecting so severe a condition in their deed of sale—and it is not unfair to presume that a forfeiture on the part of the United States was the object desired—it is quite certain that the intention of at least one of the contracting parties was not to waive the right to use the premises conveyed for all purposes other than those specified in the deed. The chief end in view of both parties was to secure to the City of New York a commodious and desirable Post Office and Court House upon the site provided for that purpose. This object has been faithfully carried out, and a structure has been erected which is creditable not only to the General Government, but to the City of New York as well, and which compares only too favorably with the public buildings of the latter.

With a foresight which in public officials amounts to almost intelligence, the building was so constructed as to provide accommodations sufficient for any increase in business which the future is certain to bring to this city. As a natural result there is now more space than is required for postal or judicial purposes. At the same time, the United States is compelled to pay large rentals for undesirable accommodations for other branches of the Government service. How or in what manner the rights of the city could be prejudiced by the use of this now unoccupied space for a public service which, though distinct from the business to which the building has been allotted, is equally desirable and necessary, it is not easy to foresee. The necessity of economy in the prosecution of all public as well as private affairs is a strong argument why a mere technicality should not be permitted to stand in the way of a change which would result in an annual saving of, at least, \$45,000 to the United States, while the City of New York would in no way suffer loss therefrom. Viewing the question from a legal standpoint, there seems no reason why the United States should not occupy its premises in such proper manner as it shall see fit, without restraint or interference on the part of the municipal authorities. The condition imposed by the latter tends to work a forfeiture which, in all cases, is viewed in law with suspicion, and which is never upheld except where justice or equity positively require it. In this case no such equity exists; the spirit, if not the letter, of the agreement has been fulfilled, and the intention of the parties, as plainly evinced in the reading of the deed, has been fairly and honestly carried out. No court of justice would decree a forfeiture of property valued at about seven millions of dollars upon an objection so frivolous and untenable.

THE WOOL INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE early history of woolen manufacturing in the United States is shrouded in considerable mystery. From a report of Alexander Hamilton, in 1791, it appears that a woolen mill for the manufacture of cloths and cassimeres was in operation at that time in Hartford, Conn. In the State of New York, in 1810, there were 33,068 looms, with 413 carding mills and 427 fulling mills, but the number of factories cannot be ascertained. The total product of the wool manufacture of the United States in 1810 is stated at \$25,608,788. Before 1860 it had grown to \$68,865,963, which represented 28,780 hands and 535,600 spindles. The war of 1812-14 seriously interfered with this industry, so much so that in 1820 only \$4,413,068 worth of goods were produced. After this period the manufacture began to revive, and sheep-growing became one of the most lucrative occupations of the New England States. This continued to be the case until the annexation of Texas created an impression that the vast territory of that more favored climate would be converted into grazing farms for cattle and sheep, and that the North could not afford to compete with a people who possessed such natural advan-

tages; and as a consequence the Eastern farmers began to abandon sheep-growing, and take to selling milk or cutting down timber for charcoal, and many emigrated to the West and South in search of green fields and pastures new. The effect of this change of occupation soon became apparent in the diminished value of farm lands and the deserted appearance of some portions of the country. While it was comparatively easy for agriculturists to abandon one line of industry and take to another, it was impossible for the mill-owners to sacrifice their whole plant and adopt something new, and they continued the manufacture of woollens, and kept on improving in the quality of production, until, as was shown at the Centennial Exhibition, the finest broadcloth came from the United States; but unfortunately for the reputation of our country, the wool of which it was fabricated had to be brought from Silesia. The American cassimeres at the Exhibition were not excelled by any from foreign countries, and these can be made of domestic wool. American wool is found to be better for flannels than any we can import. Our blankets were a surprise to the foreign judges, especially those made in California and Minnesota, which were not surpassed by any others that were shown at the Centennial. We produce over 2,000,000 pairs of blankets annually, weighing on the average five pounds a pair, or in all 10,000,000 pounds of blankets, the average value of which is 80 cents a pound. They could be imported for 60 cents a pound, so that we pay a bonus of \$2,000,000 to the manufacturers to help them keep up the business. Improved machinery and increased growth of wool ought to render any such assistance unnecessary especially as the superior quality of the domestic goods has been incontestably shown. In 1875 we imported 9,948 pounds of blankets only, on which a duty of \$8,451.22 was collected. These were exclusively of the finer kinds, showing that the importation of this article has virtually ceased. On the other hand, Minnesota blankets are exported to Europe in considerable quantity for use in railroad sleeping-cars and for Northern markets. American knit goods are made from domestic combing wools. The American "India" shawl is made from our finest long wool. Worsted fabrics, delaines and cashmeres are made from our home-grown wools; but our alpacas generally require English combing wool. It is possible that a large export trade in these latter goods will soon be created, thus turning the balance of foreign trade greatly in our favor.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the enormous increase that has taken place in the United States in the manufacture of carpets. Mr. A. T. Stewart went very extensively into this business. Hundreds of factories have sprung up in all parts of the country, and nearly all varieties are now successfully made. We have the "Ingrain," which has two colors in a line; "three-ply," which has three; "tapestry," which is printed; "Brussels," which is dyed in the yarn; "Wilton," "tapestry-velvet" and "Axminster," which is all velvet. All these are now made in this country in such perfection and so cheaply that everybody can afford to buy them. Worsted goods for clothing are produced from native wool of such excellent quality that only a very experienced person can distinguish them from the imported article. Fashion, which is always unreasonable and despotic, demands English, French or German goods, and dealers of easy-going consciences interpolate the domestic article as being the one required. The truth is, that very few Americans are now clothed in foreign goods. Some of them may think so, but they are generally mistaken.

The consumption of wool in the United States is far ahead of its production; a certain market is therefore offered for all our farmers can produce. Over-production in this line is scarcely to be anticipated, as an increased supply would inevitably lead to greater demand, and it would take many years to overstock the market. The growth of wool and its manufacture into various fabrics are necessarily closely related industries, and one flourishes or suffers with the other. Just at present there is a disagreement between the wool-growers and the wool-manufacturers on the question of the tariff, and out of the controversy it is to be hoped that the honest consumers will get their due. The proper place to grow wool and to manufacture it is on the hill-sides and among the mountain streams, and not at Washington. There is no reason in the world why the best varieties of sheep cannot be raised in the country, and as for the manufacture, we have already shown that we excel all other countries. The industry is one which ought to be severely left alone, as it is abundantly able to take care of itself. Every variety of wool can now find a market. The carpet wools of the low grade Texas sheep; the medium wools of the South Downs; the fine, short and long combing Merino wools; the very fine Siberia wools; the wools of the Leicester and Cotswold breed—all these are used and

wanted, and none of them come amiss to the manufacturers; but it must be kept in mind that the best sheep is one that produces both wool and good mutton. This latter fact is pre-eminently applicable to New England, where sheep-growing has fallen into great disrepute, and where large grazing farms, with extensive buildings and barns, can be had at great bargains. Mutton has become a favorite food in this country; 25,000 to 30,000 sheep and lambs are sold every week in the New York markets alone. In the East the sheep that will produce a good carcass is the one to be chosen. In the West the fleece is the important point, as that can be more easily transported. No product of the farm is so cheaply moved in proportion to its value as wool. One hundred dollars worth of it can be carried from Chicago or St. Louis to New York for \$4; while to transport the same value of beef costs \$20; of pork, \$30; and of corn, \$50. These figures show the advantage of position held by the farmers of the seaboard States, and it is remarkable that, instead of appreciating this advantage, New England landlords talk of the sugar beet or try uncertain experiments in other directions. To the certainty of finding a ready market both for the fleece and for the mutton can be added the increased fertility imparted to the land by sheep-grazing. The sheep is a grateful animal and does exhaust the land, but makes full return for all that he takes from it. Unlike other animals, the perspiration of sheep is largely composed of potash salts, and in the scouring of the wool this is saved in many countries to be restored to the soil. Taking all of these facts into consideration, it is evident that the wiser course for the farmer to pursue is to follow the French proverb and "return to his mutton."

MR. STANLEY'S DISCOVERIES UTILIZED.

THE United States Commercial Agent at Gaboon reports to the Department of State that the knowledge of the Congo, or Livingstone, River derived from Stanley's discoveries is already bearing practical fruit. English missionaries have followed the course of the river as far as the first series of rapids, and are about to establish a missionary station at that point. There are reports that a modified form of slave traffic still exists between that region and the Portuguese Islands of St. Thomas and Princess, through former agents of the slave trade between Gaboon and St. Paul de Loanda. A British gunboat recently captured a brig with over one hundred men, women and children on board in a miserable condition, who had been baptized and shipped near St. Paul as "free laborers." The spirit of the slave-trade still exists, and if not carefully watched, it will find means to revive and increase.

THREE important Government measures introduced into the French Assembly have become laws. The first is the Colportage Bill, which prevents the recurrence of the most arbitrary proceedings of the De Broglie Cabinet. The second is the Press Amnesty Bill, which cancels its three thousand press prosecutions, and was extended by the Senate to about a dozen earlier or later offenders, including Paul de Cassagnac. The third is the State of Siege Bill, which is directed against an abuse of power not resorted to, indeed, by the Duc de Broglie, but notoriously advocated by some of his colleagues and supporters. The passage of these three measures now makes France a republic in fact as well as in name.

THE appearances indicate that the national finances are not to be seriously tampered with again for the present. During this week the Senate Committee on Finance will probably proceed to the consideration of the Bill for the repeal of the Resumption Act. Some of the members of the committee who have heretofore earnestly favored this Bill are now understood to be unwilling that any further financial legislation shall take place until the country has had an opportunity to see what the full effect of the Silver Bill will be. They are opposed to a renewal of the discussion in Congress on financial measures, and desire that general business shall not be any further disturbed by such debates during the present session.

DIPLOMATIC relations are to be resumed between this country and the Colombian States. A short time since, in Panama, a person accused of crime in charge of a United States Consul was set at liberty by the authorities on the ground that there was no extradition treaty between the two countries. The United States having no diplomatic relations with Colombia at that time, there was, as a consequence, no diplomatic representative there to interpose in the premises, and therefore the conduct of the authorities passed unnoticed by this Government. These facts having been

brought to the attention of the House Committee on Appropriations, the Mission was restored. A Minister will therefore be sent to Colombia, and the Colombian Government, which withdrew its Minister from this country, will, by sending a Minister hither in return, restore diplomatic relations. An extradition treaty between the two countries is contemplated.

AMERICAN TRADE WITH AFRICA.—The United States Vice Commercial Agent at St. Paul de Loanda, in answer to the trade circular of last August, writes to the Department of State that an unsuccessful attempt has lately been made to put American cotton goods in the African market. Several American vessels have lately brought samples of goods which might have sold well, but that the sizes and prices were unsuitable for the local trade. The agent gives a list of the materials, sizes and prices of English cotton goods which command the readiest sale. He has given samples of these goods to American shipmasters trading with St. Paul. Goods coming in steamers via Lisbon pay only 10 per cent. of the regular duties, so that they have a great advantage. Rum is largely consumed, that from the sugar-cane manufactured in the province preferred, and brings \$87 per pipe. The best American molasses rum brings only \$76 per pipe. American powder also sells. The trade in flour from the United States was formerly large, but the inferior qualities sent during late years has discredited it, and it is now unsalable.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Stewart Hotel for Women was opened for the reception of boarders, April 3d.

INTERNAL REVENUES fell off \$5,500,000 during the eight months ending March 31st.

PRESIDENT HAYES has approved the Bill for a Congressional Library Commission.

DURING the month of March the public debt of the United States was reduced \$2,313,614.

THE city election at Hartford, Conn., April 1st, was carried by the Democrats for executive officers.

THE fifty-third annual exhibition of the American Academy of Design, New York City, was opened April 1st.

FOUR out of seventeen contests for seats in the House of Representatives have been settled, each in favor of Democrats.

A BILL to pay \$36,000 towards strengthening the foundation of the Washington Monument has passed the House of Representatives.

GOVERNOR VAN ZANDT, Republican, has been re-elected in Rhode Island by an increased majority. The Legislature is also Republican.

THE New York Assembly passed the Municipal Salary Bill, April 2d, by a vote of 95 to 11. The Supply, as reported, appropriates \$6,620,213.

ALL the collieries in Schuylkill coal region went into operation, April 1st, and there was quite a general resumption in the Lehigh district.

THE affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau have been investigated several times of late, and the last Senatorial Committee report everything correct.

THE Senate has rejected the nominations of Alexander Reed to be Postmaster at Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. Reynolds to be First Auditor of the Treasury.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has held several more conferences with the Committee on Banking relative to the ability of the Government to resume specie payments next January.

GENERAL THOMAS C. ANDERSON, of the Louisiana Returning Board, has been released from prison, the Supreme Court refusing the application of the Attorney-General for a rehearing of the case.

THE Secretary of War has ordered the release of the Cheyennes and other Indians imprisoned at St. Augustine, Fla. These Indians have been confined for several years, and during that time three of their chiefs have died. It was held that their long imprisonment was sufficient punishment for their crimes. They will be sent to Fort Sill, Idaho Territory.

Foreign.

THE Mexican Congress was opened, April 2d. The Government expresses a willingness to make very favorable treaties with the United States, but will refuse to concede the right to American troops to invade Mexican soil under any pretext.

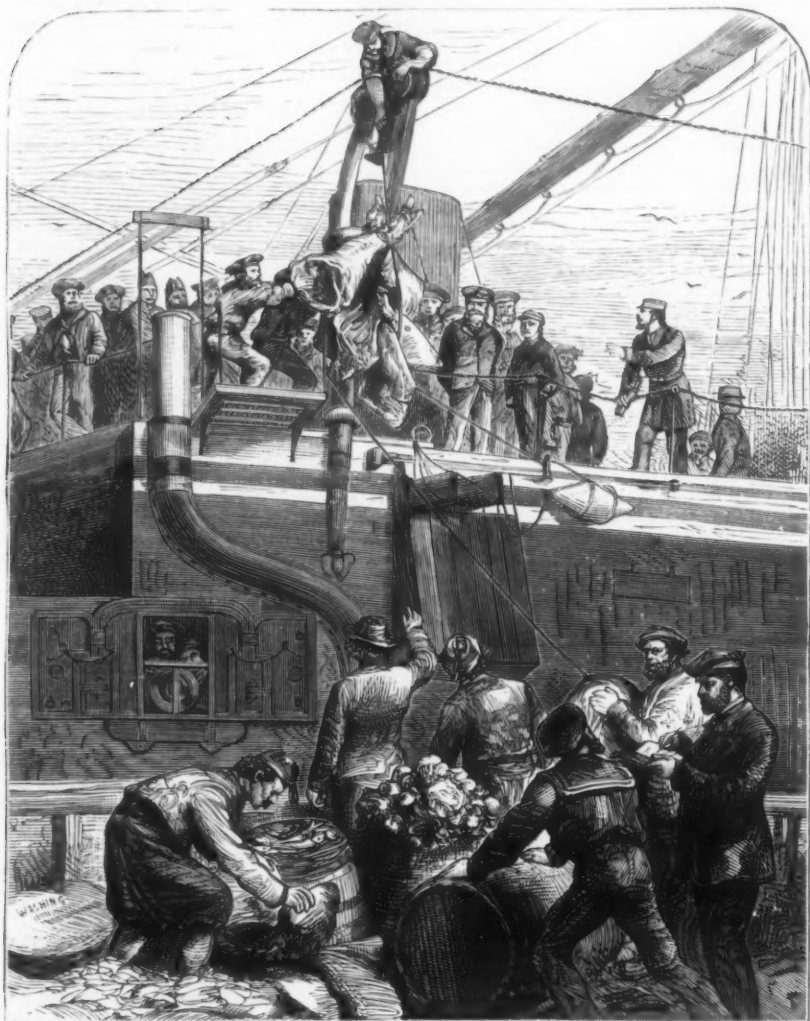
It is stated that England will raise no obstacles to the establishment of relations with the Vatican, but reserves the right to indicate the basis thereof. The Vatican has instructed the German bishops to do nothing to prejudice negotiations for re-establishing relations between Berlin and the Vatican.

It is said in Russian official circles that many of the British objections might have been removed in the Congress; but now the door is closed against concessions. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine any pacific solution. Much consideration is being given the proposition of Prince Bismarck, that the Congress should be called to revise the treaties of 1856 and 1871, with special reference to existing disputes.

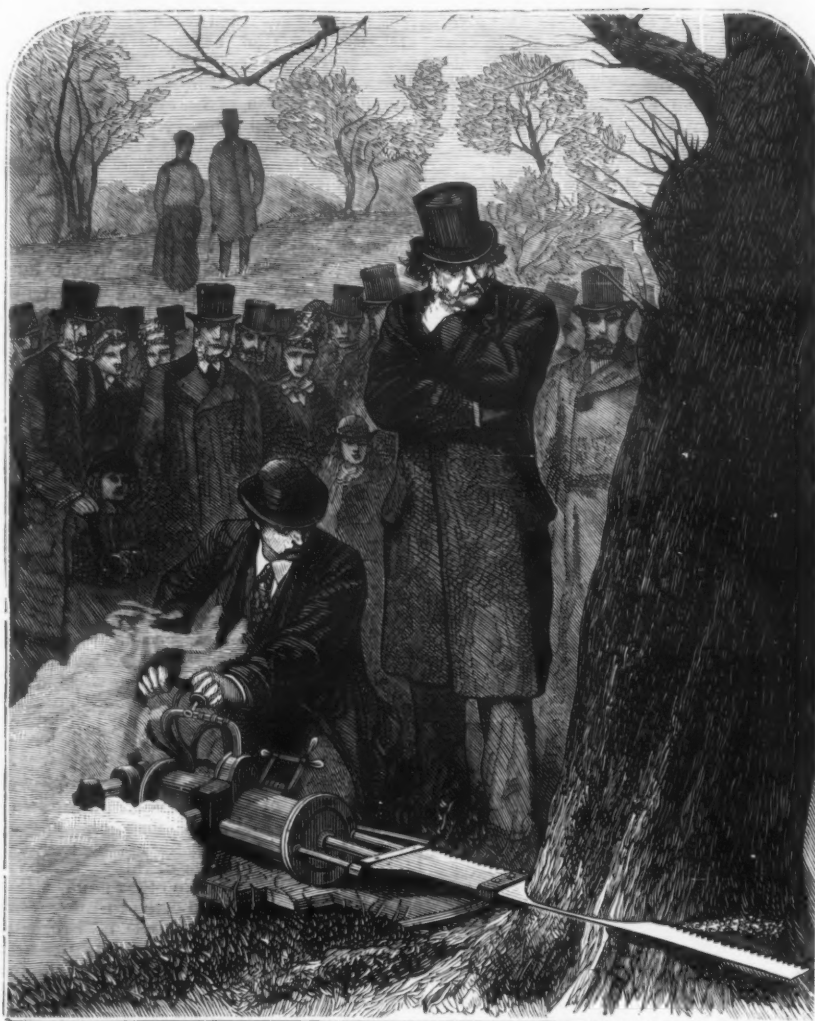
THE Russians fearing that the Turks will endeavor to maintain neutrality, M. Onou, first Dragoman of the Russian Embassy, has made the following demands, which may be regarded as an ultimatum: Abandonment to the Russians of the fortifications on both sides of the Upper Bosphorus, and Gallipoli and Boulair, on the Dardanelles. The Turks to evacuate also Makrikeni and Masiak, and place some barracks and hospitals at the disposal of the Russians. The Sultan and Vefyk Pasha oppose the demands.

OUR latest advices from Europe contain a rumor that Russia has asked Bismarck to act as mediator between her and England. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says: "Russia can tranquilly regard the wavering of a nervous policy while herself maintains her position unmoved." The Russian reply to Lord Salisbury's circular will, it is said, lay particular stress upon the absence of a definite counter-proposal, and will call upon England to make one. It is also rumored that the Khédive has announced that he will declare his independence should Turkey form an alliance against England.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 111.



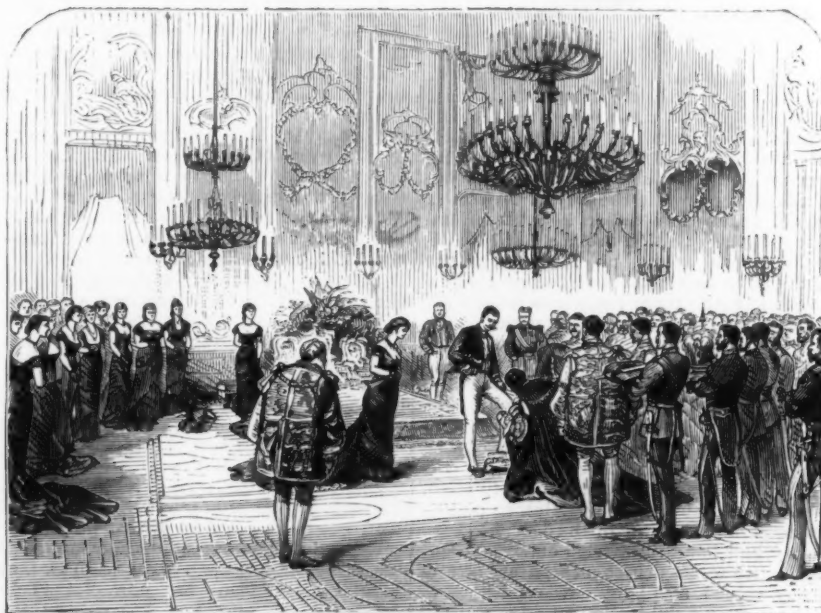
TURKEY.—SHIPPING BEEF ON BOARD A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR AT TUZLA, SEA OF MARMORA.



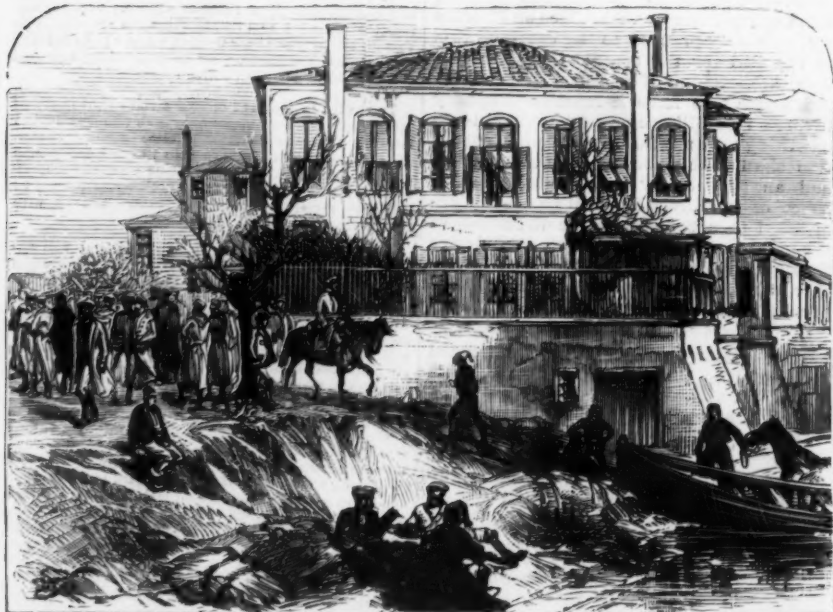
ENGLAND.—MR. GLADSTONE SUPERINTENDING AN EXPERIMENT IN FELLING TREES BY MACHINERY.



TURKEY.—THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ANNOUNCING THE PEACE TO THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT SAN STEFANO.



ITALY.—INVESTITURE OF THE KING OF ITALY WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AT THE QUIRINAL.



TURKEY.—THE HOUSE AT SAN STEFANO IN WHICH THE RUSSO-TURKISH TREATY OF PEACE WAS SIGNED.



AFRICA.—PARADING BRITISH TROOPS ON SHIPBOARD IN A HEAVY SEA.



WORKMEN MANIPULATING THE SILVER AMALGAM AND DISTILLING THE QUICKSILVER IN THE RETORT HOUSE.

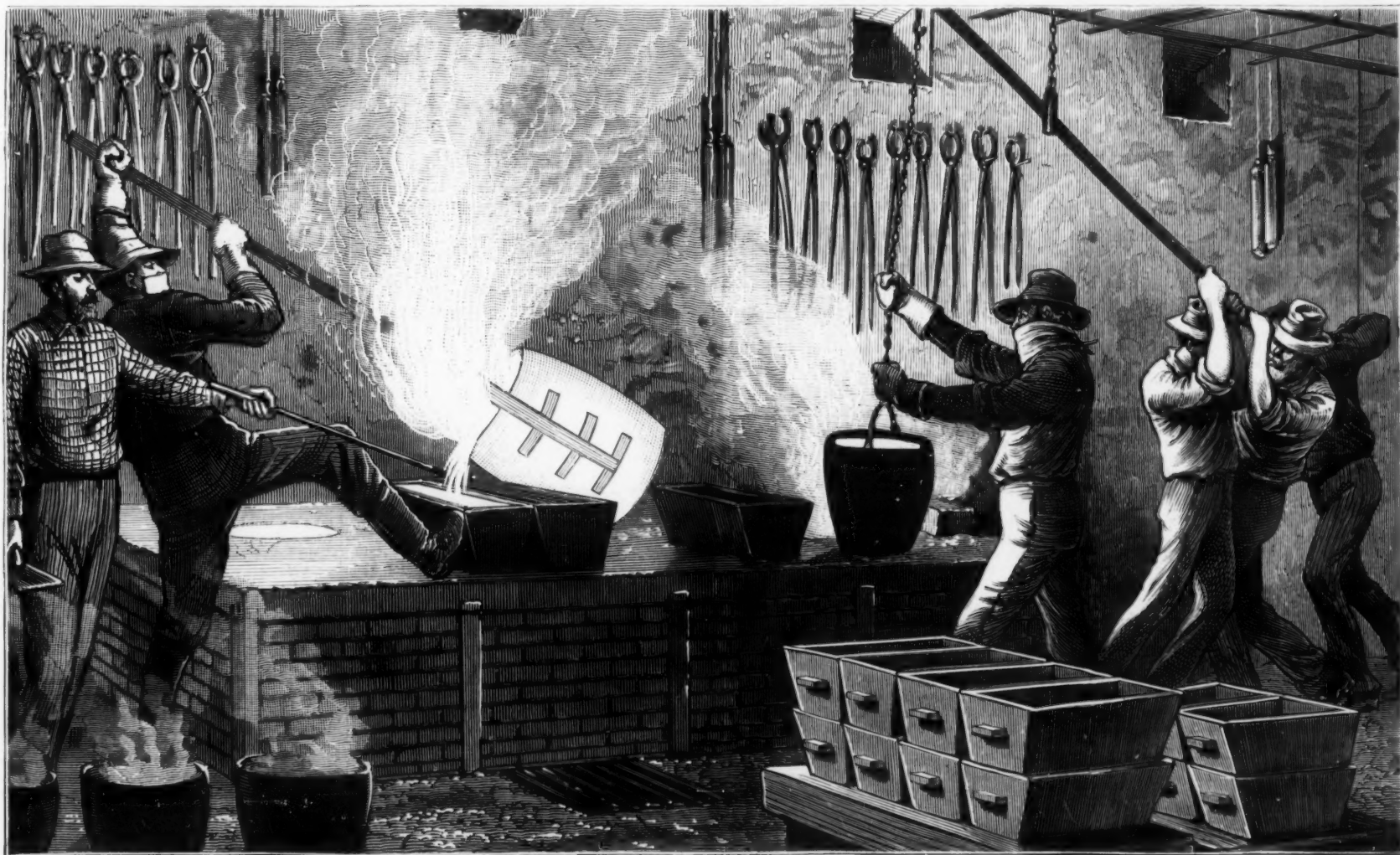
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.
REFINING AND ASSAYING SILVER IN VIR-
GINIA CITY—THE RETORT HOUSE.

IN our illustrations this week we show some in-
teresting operations in the Retort House and
the Assay Office. We will deal with the former

first. Chemical science has made it an accom-
plished fact that silver ores, no matter in what com-
bination the metal occurs, mixed with salt, are
completely chloridized if they fall against a current
of hot air, rising in a shaft with no obstructions
whatever to check or retard the fall of the ore
particles. The ore is mixed with the necessary
amount of salt on a dry kiln, and very finely
crushed, being afterwards run through a screen.
The screened pulp is taken by an elevator to the
top of the furnace and discharged into a bin con-

nected with a hopper, whence it is fed into the fur-
nace. The next step is the process of amalgama-
tion. When mercury is brought into contact with
metallic silver the two readily unite to form an
amalgam. If mercury and chloride of silver are
brought together a portion of the mercury takes
away the chloride, leaving the silver free to com-
bine with another portion of the mercury to form
an amalgam. The operation is performed in a
large pan. Wooden mullers, shod with iron, are
caused to revolve in this pan, bringing the ore into

contact with the mercury. Water is added to the
pulp, which is next run into the agitator or separ-
ator and the pan washed out. The liquid amalgam
is drawn off, carefully washed in clean water, dried
in flannel and strained through thick canvas bags.
The dried amalgam is finally placed in cylindrical
cast-iron retorts and the mercury distilled off it at
red heat. When cold the retorted silver is broken
up, melted in graphite crucibles and cast into bars
or ingots. In the early stages of Western mining
the process of amalgamation was conducted after



MELTING AND MOLDING THE BULLION IN THE ASSAY OFFICE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THE SOURCE OF OUR SILVER SUPPLY—THE PROCESSES OF REFINING AND
ASSAYING SILVER IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the primitive manner of the Mexicans, but this has so long been superseded that it is not now worth describing. It was a very wasteful method, and ought to be entirely superseded by the California and Nevada system of pans. The "slimes" from the stamps in Nevada which were formerly wasted are now saved, and the "tailings" are also collected on a series of inclined planes covered with blankets. The process of raking the bullion from the retorts is extremely simple, but when the crude heap falls from the furnace it is difficult to think that it will ever be made into bright, solid, shining dollars. We now come to the Assay Office, which is not the least important department connected with a silver-mine.

THE ASSAY OFFICE.

The silver assays are made by weighing out 1,115 parts of the metal under trial, these parts being milligrammes, and 1,005 parts of pure silver by way of comparison. All the weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat applied whenever the silver is found associated with lead in the ore called argentiferous galena. Its separation and recovery is accomplished either by what is known as the Pattison process or by the zinc process of Parkes. In the Pattison kettles where lead containing silver is fused and slowly cooled, being continually stirred, the first crystals that form contain but little silver. These are dipped out and again melted. The now richer portion—liquid—is again ladled into another kettle, and the operation continued until the former becomes poor enough to be sold as lead, and the latter rich enough to pay for cupelling. The desilverization of lead by zinc is founded on an observation made by Kartzen more than forty years ago, that zinc, when fused with argentiferous lead, on cooling, will rise to the surface, carrying with it all the silver. It is an interesting fact that the first portions of the zinc added to lead, in addition to the silver, also take up any gold that may be present in the ore. Copper also goes to the zinc, and antimony is removed by subsequent treatment with steam, sometimes leaving an alloy suitable for type metal. The pure silver is cast into ingots, which are first assayed, in order to test their fineness. For the purpose of the assay a small quantity of each melt is granulated by pouring it into water. The metal to be tested is drawn into the lamina under steel rollers, and the silver assay is conducted by weighing out 1,115 milligrammes of the metal under trial on balances that are sensitive to the twenty-thousandth of a gramme. The present system of milling enables a vast quantity of ore to be extracted, though but 80 per cent. of the precious metals are extracted. The uses of silver are numerous, but it is too soft to be employed pure for coinage. When alloyed with copper it is much harder and better suited to the wear of a circulating medium. The appliances in every department in the assay office are as perfect as human skill can make them, and give general satisfaction.

A REGIMENTAL MARTYR;

Or,

HOW GERARD ST. HILARY WAS DRIVEN INTO MATRIMONY.

CHAPTER I.

"MAKE hay in St. Hilary's room to-night." Lieutenant Gerard St. Hilary came leisurely down the broad corridor and staircase of the officers' quarters in the cavalry barracks at Milchester, and crossed the passage leading to the ante-room. As he turned the handle of the door a fragment of the conversation within fell upon his ear—"Make hay in St. Hilary's room to-night."

"The deuce!" ejaculated that young gentleman. "Sentry-box him first," cried a voice, which he recognized as Captain Gurney's, a man well up the list of captains, who was old enough to have known better, "and if that doesn't fetch him, hammer the door in."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a chorus of voices, under cover of which the intended victim beat a retreat.

"Sentry-box me! Ah, thank you, Captain Gurney!" he exclaimed, when he had reached the shelter of his own room; "forewarned is forearmed, and I am on my guard this time."

Hastily changing his undress for multi, Mr. St. Hilary made the best of his way out of barracks, going in the direction of Milchester.

The regiment of which he was the butt-in-chief for practical jokes, was the Fifty-second Dragoons, of famous Crimean memory. Perhaps his unflinching good temper made him more subject to this form of wit than would have been the case if he had borne malice and sulked.

An outsider would, perhaps, say, why did he not report the offenders, and so secure peace? Any one with the least knowledge of regimental life could tell such a one that for a subaltern to adopt such a course would simply be to limit his career in the army to a very short period. Of course during the process he blustered a good deal, and frequently threatened to tell the chief all about it the very first thing in the morning. Fortunately for his brother-officers, Gerard St. Hilary had a peculiarity. After two A. M. he could not keep his eyes open, and was glad to make any bargain which would leave him in peace.

It was invariably the same; Lieutenant St. Hilary, lightly clad, as likely as not soaked with water, standing in the centre of a group of excited comrades in mess-dress, expressing his determination "to have no more of this foolery, by Jove."

"Go it Jerry; pile it up, my boy!" one would cry, amidst the jeers of the bystanders.

"I am surprised at you, D'Albert," poor Jerry would cry, in disgust. "I'll report you in the morning—upon my soul, I will, though you are a captain."

Small heed did the Fifty-second take of these awful threats. Was not the end unchanging? Presently St. Hilary would begin to shiver; then sleep would come dropping her grains of sand into Gerard's blue eyes, and his comrades knew that then was their time.

"Now, Jerry, old man, if you forgive us you shall go to bed."

"Well, let me be quiet," was poor Jerry's answer (it was always the same), "and I'll say no more about it."

The gratitude of the rioters was generally shown on these occasions by the careful way in which they tucked Gerard up in bed and reduced his room to something like order. Alas, only something! Order generally took days and a visit to

the upholsterer's to effect, with much groaning from Jerry's man on the subject of what he called "them idiots."

Poor Gerard had undergone every possible form of practical joking, and he was become a little tired of it; the trodden worm will turn, and he was thoroughly determined to put a stop to it once for all, though it must be owned he didn't quite know how to set about it.

However, enough on that head. I will just explain what is meant by "sentry-boxing" and "making hay," and then go on with my story.

The doors of an officer's rooms are usually made of strong material, the hammering in of which is a long process; in order, therefore, to draw the victim from his lair without his suspecting mischief, they knock at his door and tell him the colonel or the major wants him at once, or cry "Fire!" at the other end of the corridor. If this succeeds, well and good; but on gala nights the sentry-box is brought into play. It is placed close against the victim's door, after the manner of a trap, so that when he comes out he may go crash against the back of the box. I need not add that the more bruised and angry he is the better pleased his comrades are.

Making hay is simply breaking or turning topsy-turvy everything the intruders can lay their hands upon.

The cavalry barracks at Milchester are about a mile from the town, which is a cathedral city, chiefly noted for the beauty of its young ladies and the good tone of its society.

In common with most cathedral towns, Milchester is just a little dull. In Summer the croquet and lawn-tennis club, and in Winter the rink, are the principal places of amusement. To the latter, Mr. St. Hilary made his way, it being, when my story opens, the dreary month of November. It was an "off" day. Had the bonny dappled hounds been after their little red-coated friend, Captain Gurney would probably have come in too tired and stiff to think of anything beyond his dinner and his bed; but there was no meet that day, and thus we have a striking instance of what Satan finds for idle hands, which is not, I trust, too severe a reflection on the gentlemen of Her Majesty's army.

It was three o'clock; the rink was full, and a crowd of well-dressed skaters were gliding along to the strains of "Gerleibt und Verloren" waltz. Gliding, did I say? Well, some were gliding, but others were shuffling, and many were clinging ignominiously to the iron railing along the wall, while some more courageous ones were trying manfully to pretend that the bumps and falls they got did not hurt them at all, and were in fact rather agreeable than otherwise.

Gerard got his skates on with all speed, and quickly made his way up and down the gang throng, as though seeking for some particular individual. He was evidently a great favorite with the fair sex, for wherever he went he was greeted with smiles and other little pleasantries. Tall, short, fair, or dark, all seemed equally pleased to see him. There were girls in blue and girls in green, in sealskin and sable, in rink hats and Gainsboroughs; and for each and all he had a bright word or compliment, but he lingered with none.

He did not find the object of his search very readily, for he was a trifle short-sighted, and, as I know from experience, the wearing of an eye-glass confines one's sight to the space immediately in front.

At last his patience was rewarded; wheeling round in great circles came a young lady, who attracted the attention and admiration of all. She was not very tall, rather under than over the middle height, with a graceful figure and carriage, delicate little hands and feet, and a small *mignon* face, of which the nose was just a wee bit up-turned, and the eyes were brilliant gleaming hazel. Her hair, which was extremely abundant, was twisted round her small shapely head in massive coils, and was of the deepest auburn hue. She was dressed in a rinking costume of prune-colored serge, and her hat was of the same material. Her waist and throat were clasped by a heavy silver belt and necklet.

The name of this young lady was Elinor Warwick. Her father held the appointment of deputy-assistant commissary-general. She lived on the same side of the town as the barracks were situated, and was, as was natural from her father's position, on very intimate terms with both the cavalry and infantry officers stationed in Milchester.

The preference was, however, given to the former, and Mr. St. Hilary enjoyed the distinction of being Miss Warwick's slave-in-chief. Poor Gerard, slave-in-chief and butt-in-chief! Not an enviable fate; but the former office he would not have delegated for any consideration, while words will not express Mr. St. Hilary's feelings on the subject of the latter.

It was a remarkable fact that, although ladies never could see anything in Miss Warwick, "a little pert snub-nosed thing," she always had three or four men "in tow." On that afternoon she had a cavalier on either side, while one or two others made up the rear. As she said herself, "The clumsy fellows would never get out of the way; it was just like skating with outsiders."

Gerard went up, his blue eyes ablaze, and skated alongside of her for some distance, to the intense disgust of the man he had supplanted. Miss Elinor had, however, no intention of allowing him to remain there. Her way of showing him favor was by ill-using him, yet giving him certain small liberties which she did not accord to men she took the most pains to please. One man would say to another when she was ordering Gerard about, "I would not stand that; what a big duffer the fellow is!"

But Gerard would not have exchanged the sweet familiarity of his intercourse with Elinor for all the civil speeches in the world; in fact it was a case of "Betty know'd her man."

"You're coming to our ball, Miss Warwick?" asked he.

"Oh, yes, of course," she answered, in a quick, clear voice.

"How many am I to have?" pleadingly.

"I really don't know. How many do you want?"

"Every one."

"Well, but you can't have them. I'll give you one quadrille if you like—the third."

"And four waltzes besides?"

"No," very decisively. "I'll give you three, if you will make yourself generally useful and agreeable this afternoon; do your duty like a man, you know."

"May I walk home with you?"

"Well—yes."

"I won't do it for three," announced he, leaning forward with a dangerous look in his blue eyes.

"Four, then," said Elinor, in rather a frightened tone.

"And supper?"

"Now, Mr. St. Hilary, you're asking too much. It's not in reason."

"And supper," repeated our hero, firmly, "or I'll not stir an inch."

"Well, go away."

Away he went, having learned a soldier's first lesson thoroughly. He managed to keep Miss Warwick in sight, and when she disappeared to be divested of her skates, he followed in time to help her into a huge fawn-colored ulster, which, as the inhabitants of Milchester remarked, "no one but Miss Warwick would have the courage to wear."

As they two walked home together through the dreary November fog, Elinor became aware that something was amiss with her companion. More than once he sighed dolefully, and was altogether so different from the Gerard St. Hilary whose jolly laugh was heard every two minutes, that she was completely puzzled.

"Whatever is the matter, Mr. St. Hilary?" she said, at last.

"Oh," moaned Gerard, with another long sigh, "I've got such a dose before me to-night."

"A dose?"

"Yes; the fellows are going to make hay in my room to-night."

"Make hay!" repeated Elinor, in a tone of real surprise. "What, in November?"

Then Gerard told her what he had heard, and described the process.

"I assure you, Miss Warwick," he said, shaking his head solemnly, "that by this time to-morrow everything in my room will be smashed to bits."

"What a shame!" cried Elinor, warmly. "If I were you I'd try—"

"What?"

She reached up to her companion's ear, and whispered a few words to him; he burst into a roar of laughter.

"By Jove, what a brick you are!" he cried, forgetting his manners. "I never heard such a splendid idea in all my life. Gad, what a clever girl you must be!"

"It's quite original," she responded, saucily.

"It's absolutely perfect," replied Gerard, "and worthy of you in every way. How they will hop to-night!"

Elinor's musical treble joined his deeper laugh; and as she parted from him at the gate of her father's house, she turned back, and said impressively:

"Mind it's white, and don't stint the quantity."

"All right," answered Gerard; "I'll get plenty."

He did not go into the barracks, but walked past them straight into Milchester, meeting on his way several of the officers returning to dinner. He evaded all their inquiries and offers to go back with him, and went on his way alone. He stopped at the first tinner's shop he came to, and purchased the largest flour-dredger they had. This he took with him, in spite of the shopman's entreaties to be allowed to send it. He next went to a general dealer's, and made another purchase, which he put into his pocket with much care, and as though he were very much afraid the paper might burst. What could it be?

Lieutenant St. Hilary went to mess that night with a face as innocent as that of a little child.

"Well, Jerry, my boy," quoth Captain Gurney, "what have you been doing to-day?"

Gerard looked at his superior sideways. He would have known what this display of affectionate interest meant without any previous warning.

"Rink," answered he, with laconic laziness.

"Was the lovely Elinor there?"

"Yes."

"Did you see her home?"

"Of course."

"Have tea there?"

"No; I had some shopping to do," with a little grin at the remembrance of that same shopping. "I'm downright done up. Tell you what it is; rinking is fifty times harder work than hunting. I shall turn in early to-night, to be fit for to-morrow," with another small grin at the look of intelligence which passed around the room. "Are any of you fellows going to the theatre to-night?" They're having "Caste."

"Yes," answered Gurney; "but I can't go. I've promised to go in and see old Patterson to-night; so I'm on duty."

"On duty," thought Gerard; "on duty with a sentry-box."

After this the conversation was on general topics; and soon after eleven o'clock, Gerard, with many yawns, departed, ostensibly for bed. To that haven of rest, however, he did not go, but, piling up his fire, threw himself into an easy-chair, and quietly bided his time.

He had not long to wait; for presently he heard the sound of men treading lightly in their stockings. Thereupon he carefully snored, so as to make them believe he was safe in the arms of Morpheus.

"He's fast asleep," he heard Middleton say.

"Then fetch it, and be quick," was the answer.

As noiselessly as possible the heavy sentry-box was brought up and placed against his door. Then the officers, retreating, went laughing, and with much joking and bear-fighting, to their different rooms, shutting the doors with good hearty bangs, which seemed to indicate retirement for the night.

In a few moments a sharp knocking began at Gerard's door.

"Hullo!" bawled he, in a sleepy voice; "who's there?"

"Please, sir, the colonel wants you at once. There's something wrong with B troop, sir."

B troop was Gerard's.

"Tell the colonel to go and be hanged," was Gerard's unceremonious answer.

"I daren't, sir," was the reply.

"You daren't. Then go and be hanged yourself! This fish don't bite."

"He twigs it!" shouted Middleton. "Come out, you beggar, or we'll stare the door in!"

"Stave away, old man!" laughed Gerard, rising, and taking his flour-dredger to within a yard of the door.

"Come on!" yelled Gurney's voice. "Yeave ho, push with a will, boys; there's nothing like hay-making!"

Gerard waited till they were all exerting their strength to the uttermost; then flung open the door, showering the contents of the flour-dredger upon them as they tumbled headlong into the room.

"Ah!" (sneeze.)

"Ugh!" (sneeze.)

"Brute!" (sneeze, sneeze.)

"I'll pay you out for this!" gasped Gurney, shaking his fist at Gerard, while the tears ran down his face.

"Will you?" laughed Gerard, sending another shower full into his face; "then take that, and that, and that, and make hay elsewhere, confound you! I'm about sick of this game," as he spoke keeping up a continual shower upon the intruders.

Raving, swearing, spitting, sneezing, choking and stamping, the crestfallen officers made the best of their way down the corridor in all the ignominy of utter defeat. From head to feet they were covered with the strongest white pepper, the embroidery on their mess-jackets forming grand receptacles for the frightful powder. Their hair, eyes, noses, mouths and mustaches were all filled with it, and it was hours before the terrible sneezing and choking subsided. So thoroughly was it scattered over each practical joker, that for several days the opening of a door or window would send a fresh waft of it across the ante-room or dinner-table, to the intense disgust of the more peaceably-disposed members, who were loud in their demands that for the future St. Hilary should be left in peace.

In peace, however, Gerard St. Hilary was not allowed to remain. On making his appearance in the mess-room on the morning following the *feu du poivre*, he was greeted with a volley of forage-caps, newspapers, and other small missiles of a similar character.

He came into the room with a jolly laugh, his blue eyes shining with merriment, and looking, in his well got-up hunting costume, as he always did look, "thorough-bred."

"Expect a good run this morning, Gurney?" he began, as he sat down, "or is your cold too bad?"

"My cold?" said that gentleman, interrogatively.

"Yes. I heard a good deal of sneezing in my vicinity last night."

"Ah, you rascal," cried Gurney, laughing in spite of himself; "we are going to pay you out for that fine trick."

"By Jove, how you did sneeze!" cried Gerard, with shrieks of laughter. "This was it, major: 'Ugh!' (sneeze); 'Ah!' (sneeze); 'Brute!' (choke); 'I'll pay you far this!' (sneeze, choke, choke, sneeze.) Gad, it was fine!"

"Serve them right," growled the major; "they'll let you alone now, St. Hilary."

"Will we!" cried a chorus of voices; "don't flatter yourself, Jerry."

At this moment another officer in "pink" entered the room, and seated himself next to St. Hilary.

"Pon my soul, Jerry," he began, "but that was a scurvy trick you played on us last night. I can't get your confounded pepper out of my mustaches."

"That's awkward for you, Jack," laughed Gerard. "It's my idea that when fellows get engaged to be married they should leave their neighbors in peace."

"Perhaps you're right," answered Jack Hilton.

"Anyhow, I left my man cursing you after the fashion of Rheims; but, unlike the little jackdaw, you seem to flourish under it amazingly."

"I had an uncommonly good night; and you'd better tell your man that 'curses, like chickens, come home to roost.'"

"I think his come home to him with every shake of my clothes or movement of his brash," cried Hilton, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed Gerard, in high glee.

"Well, I must be off. Are you coming, Jack?"

At the door he turned back to fire a parting shot.

"I hope on my return, my dear fellows, to find that the influenza is somewhat improved."

"You were a big fool too, Jerry," said Jack Hilton, gravely, as the two rode through the soft November fog. "I never saw any fellow in such a rage as Gurney was in last night—never in my life. He swore he would be revenged on you; take my word for it he will. They're going to fill your bed with beetles to-night."

"That's pleasant," said Gerard, grimly. "However, you are a good fellow to tell me. And now let's talk of something else; what's done cannot be undone, and I suppose I must grin and bear it."

They found the meet that day but very poorly attended. There was only one lady present. Of course that one was Elinor Warwick.

"Well," she inquired eagerly, as Gerard rode up, "how did it answer?"

"Oh, if you had only been there!" cried Gerard, giving her a graphic description of the stampede; but ending with, "I hear from Hilton that I am to suffer a perfect martyrdom of retaliation."

"Poor thing!" said Elinor, softly; whereupon Gerard forgot all his troubles, and only remembered that, whatever happened, he would be sure of Elinor's loving pity and commiseration.

The words which he had used to Elinor Warwick in jest were realized by him in all its stern hideousness. A martyr he in very truth became. It seemed as if his tormentors could neither forget nor forgive the *feu du poivre*. They no longer dared disturb him at night—their fear of his pepper-pot was too wholesome; but by every other means in their power did they worry and annoy him. His bed was, as Jack Hilton had

predicted, filled with cockroaches; and this course was followed up by frogs, dead mice, fender and fire-irons, plentiful administration of lard and wet sponges. His boots were filled with burrs or cobbler's wax, and, in fact his life was made a burden to him. On the day of the ball, however, matters came to a climax.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PHONOGRAPH.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE.

IN a recent issue we entered into a detailed and elaborate description of the revolutionizing Phonograph, an instrument destined to turn the old groove of every-day routine topsy-turvy, and to establish an order of things never dreamt of even in the expressive and vivid imagination of the Princess Scheherazade during the thousand and one nights' entertainments. We have recently had an opportunity afforded us of being present at a very charming and realistic experiment upon the phonograph. Madame Marie Rôze, the prima donna, who has been charming us by her vocal, artistic and personal graces, was invited to put the powers of the phonograph to practical test by warbling an operatic scene to the attentive and retentive instrument. The fair artist accepted this singularly novel rôle, and the curiosity of those present was on the tip of expectation when she approached the phonograph. This simple instrument, not one-fiftieth part as intricate as a sewing-machine, records and reproduces any words or sounds pronounced or made within the proper distance of the mouthpiece, recording them, if we may use the term, photographically, reproducing them as faithfully. Madame Rôze warbled into the mouthpiece, which is simply an artificial diaphragm, singing an entire scene from "Faust." Was it an encore? Had Madame been gracious enough to repeat the scene? Note by note, roulade by roulade, shake by shake, passage by passage, the delicious music came steadily from the phonograph even more softly, mellower, but true as the score just rendered by the gifted prima donna. Madame Rôze now sang a simple ballad, one of those tender, appealing word songs which are more than music, and again, in all its softness, in all its expressiveness, it was repeated by the faithful instrument. The experiment proved a marvelous success, and the phonograph promises to do great things in its onward course.

SAN STEFANO.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH TREATY OF PEACE.

WE present our readers with an illustration of the signing, at the Turkish town of San Stefano, near Constantinople, on March 3d, of the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey. Among our foreign pictures also will be found one representing the Grand Duke Nicholas announcing this fortunate consummation to the Russian army. San Stefano, hereafter to be famous in European history, is a pretty little watering-place, about fifteen miles from Stambul, on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, wholly inhabited by Christians. It is a favorite retreat for Greeks and Armenians, owing to its sea-bathing and the wild game that abounds there. It stands in a picturesque little bay, and from the windows of the houses bordering the sea the minarets of Stambul and of Saint Sophia are plainly visible.

As the important event which has brought the place into universal notice is probably the culminating point of the Russian invasion of Turkey—whatever further political and military complications may yet arise to convulse the European continent—a brief chronological résumé of the leading features of the controversy will be of interest:

CHRONOLOGY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

1875—July—The Herzegovinian revolt assumed serious proportions.
August—The Great Powers appoint a commission of inquiry into the condition of European Turkey.
1876—January—The Great Powers unite in the Andrássy Note to Turkey demanding reforms in European Turkey.
February—Turkey gives a limited assent to the Andrássy Note.
May—Outbreak of Moslem fanaticism at Salonica. Dethronement of Abdul Aziz. Outrages upon Christians in Bulgaria.
July—Serbia commences hostilities against Turkey.
September—England demands that Turkey punish the perpetrators of the Bulgarian outrages. Russia gives notice to England that it considers the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria to call for the intervention of the Powers.
October—On the demand of Russia, Turkey suspends hostilities with the revolted provinces to give opportunity for peace negotiations through a conference of Powers.
November—The Czar says that if the conference fails he shall act independently in holding Turkey to account. The conference assembles in Constantinople.
1877—January—The conference dissolves, its propositions being rejected by Turkey.
March—Russia, Germany, France, Italy and England unite in a protocol of warning to Turkey.
April—Turkey angrily rejects the protocol as an unwarranted interference.
April 24th—Russia declares war against Turkey, and orders its army across the frontier.
May 17th—Ardahan captured by assault.
June 2d—Kars invested.
July 2d—The Russians across the Danube.
July 18th—First attack on the Shipka Pass.
July 31st—The Russians defeated at Plevna.
August—September—Desperate fighting for the control of the Balkan Passes.
November 17th, 18th—Kars carried by assault.
December 9th—Surrender of Plevna.
December 31st—The Turks evacuate Sophia.
1878—January 19th—The Russians enter Adrianople.
Feb. 7th—Fortifications of Constantinople abandoned by the Turks.
Feb. 8th—England becomes alarmed, and orders a portion of her fleet to Constantinople.
Feb. 10th—The Turkish forces evacuate Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, Belgradschik and Erzzeroum.
Feb. 13th—English ships pass the Dardanelles.
Feb. 15th—Part of the Constantinople lines of defense occupied by the Russians.
Feb. 17th—The British fleet withdrawn to Moudania Bay.
Feb. 24th—The Russian conditions of peace are announced.
March 3d—The terms of peace signed.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

On March 2d, in a house by the seaside at San Stefano, shaken by the increasing gale that tore across the Sea of Marmora, were busy all night long the secretaries of both diplomatic bodies copying and arranging for the signatures the Treaty of Peace, the result of the now concluded negotiations. All night long Prince Tzeretoff dictated the treaty to his colleague, Chebachoff, who wrote through the long hours until the document was finished. Although wearied by continuous labor, these two secretaries, appreciating the value of their work, kept at their task, only stopping for refreshment and to listen to the scratch of the reeds of the Turkish secretaries in an adjoining room, busy with their own copy, until the dull dawn found them still at the table. Then, the last word being on paper, they slept amid the confusion of documents, maps and volumes, as a soldier sleeps in his harness.

Scarcely was it daylight when, notwithstanding the storm, there was an unusual movement in the village. There was a general idea that peace was to be signed that day. The steamers from Constantinople came rolling along through the rough sea, overlaid with excursionists attracted by the review which had been announced to take place in celebration of the anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne. Greeks, Bulgarians, Turks and Russians crowded the little village, besieging the restaurants, swarming about the doors of houses whence were supposed to issue some of the great personages who were to become famous in history—all impatiently awaiting the hour of two, the appointed time of the review. The horses of the Grand Duke and his staff were gathered about the entrance to his quarters, and keen-eyed spectators ready to interpret the slightest movement of the Commander-in-Chief formed unbroken ranks around the group of horses in the street.

About four o'clock, P. M., the Grand Duke, followed by about a hundred officers, dashed forward to where the troops were formed on rising ground close by the sea-coast, just behind San Stefano lighthouse, and began riding along the lines. As he passed, the soldiers did not know that peace had been signed, as it was still unannounced, but soon the news spread, and the cheering grew louder and more enthusiastic. After riding between the lines, the Grand Duke halted on a little eminence, whence all the troops could be seen, and formally made the announcement of the peace: "I have the honor to inform the army that, with the help of God, we have concluded a Treaty of Peace."

Then another shout burst forth from twenty thousand throats, rising, swelling and dying away. There was a general feeling of relief and satisfaction.

Our illustration represents the interior of the apartment where the Plenipotentiaries met, and the scene at the moment of their signing the treaty. It was an elegantly-furnished room, about twenty-five feet square, upholstered in blue with yellow flowers and stripes, and carpeted with the produce of the looms of Smyrna in green and red. Porcelain vases of evergreens stood in each window. At the opposite side of the room from the windows was a divan, in front of which stood a large table covered with maps. General Ignatieff and M. de Nelidoff took their seats with their backs to the window, so that they could scrutinize every play of feature which at this supreme moment must surely break through the impassive stolidity of the two representative Turks commissioned to ratify the defeat of their nation and its consequences. Safvet Pasha sat on Ignatieff's right, there being a small round table before these two functionaries. Sadoullah Bey was near the centre of the room in a large fauteuil bordered with heavy gilt fringe. The other occupants of the room were Prince Tzeretoff, M. Basil, and the Turkish secretary. When all was ready, General Ignatieff and Safvet signed simultaneously, the latter holding the document on his hand as he wrote, after the Turkish manner; the Russian writing on the table. Each then took the other's paper, and signed again, and the Treaty of San Stefano was completed.

GOV. HAMPTON'S TOUR THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.

SINCE the adjournment of the South Carolina Legislature, Governor Hampton has been making a tour of the State, and speaking to remarkably large audiences on local and national politics. On the 28th of March he spoke to an enthusiastic gathering of both sexes and races at Anderson Court House, and on the following day a perfect ovation was given "the Governor of the whole people," at Abbeville.

Although only a week's notice had been given of the mass-meeting the county was largely represented from every section, and for long hours the immense throng pressed upon the speakers with almost frantic eagerness. The meeting was held in the splendid public square, and the speakers addressed the crowd from the historic Alston corner, from which so often in '76 the burning words of patriotic and devoted men thrilled the hearts and calmed the fears of an excited and well-nigh desperate people.

One of the most gratifying and encouraging features of the meeting was the very large attendance of the colored people, and their close and respectful hearing of the utterances of the orators. Governor Hampton was exceedingly gratified with this exhibition of confidence from this part of the population.

The Governor briefly reviewed the work of the Legislature, saying that it had hard work to do, and had worked hard. He called attention to the fact that not one dollar of taxes has yet been collected; that sixty thousand dollars of deficiencies, left by the Republican administration, have been paid off; that there are one hundred and twenty thousand dollars yet remaining on hand; that the taxes have been reduced from eleven to six mills; the poll tax increased forty thousand dollars; a certain sum provided for school purposes—and all this has been done under Democratic rule. Going more into details, he said: "It is easy when a candidate is appealing to the people to go before them and say he will work reform; but now that I have been in office for eighteen months I can come before this audience, composed of both parties and races, I can come before any audience in South Carolina, and challenge any man to say that I have not kept every pledge I have made. I can come before you and, looking in your faces, say that I have not been led off by the temptations of power. I have not given way to passion or prejudice. I have held to the straight and narrow way laid down in that platform I have just read to you. I promised the laws should be enforced, and they have been. I promised there should be no distinction on account of color, and I can appeal to the colored

men to testify that I have kept that promise, and that all their rights have been protected. I can say here that in the exercise of executive clemency I have pardoned ten times as many colored as white men. They were instigated by bad white men who tried to ride into power on the votes of the colored men in order to plunder white and black alike. With that record of the past, I can come before you and say that it has been to me the most gratifying thing of my whole administration that throughout the whole State, even in Beaufort and Charleston, hundreds and thousands of colored men have come forward and said that under this Democratic government they have had justice and protection as they never had before."

While touching particularly upon matters of State importance, Governor Hampton dwelt upon national topics, indorsing the policy of reconciliation, as carried out by President Hayes, urged equal rights for all citizens, amnesty for past official derelictions, except as to conspicuous leaders who misled the colored element, and paid high tribute to President Hayes's official conduct.

A very pleasant incident occurred during the Governor's stay at Anderson. The Governor, General McGowan, General Moise and five or six other gentlemen were sitting on the piazza at General Humphrey's, when Mr. Russell, Mr. Adger and two or three others came up, and, after shaking hands with Governor Hampton, Mr. W. W. Russell announced that they had been requested to wait upon the Governor, and in the name of the people of Anderson County to request his acceptance of the horse he had ridden that day as a birthday present. The horse is a splendid specimen, fully sixteen hands high, not quite five years old, a glossy black, is thoroughbred, and comes from a Kentucky trotting stock.

The Governor thanked the committee and the whole people for their kindness and for the splendid animal, remarking that they touched a weak point when a horse was in question, and made him quite avaricious when the horse was a black one.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The British Ships in the Sea of Marmora.

The squadron of Her Majesty's ships belonging to the Mediterranean Fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Hornby, has been lying at Tuzla Bay, at the entrance to the Gulf of Ismid, in the eastern part of the Sea of Marmora. That station is about seventeen miles from the Turkish capital city. We give a picture representing the operation of hoisting sides and quarters of beef aboard Her Majesty's ship *Alexandra*, the Admiral's flag-ship, presented among our foreign illustrations of this week. The ships at Tuzla Bay are the *Alexandra*, the *Sultan*, the *Téméraire* and the *Achilles*, with the *Torch*, dispatch vessel. At Gallipoli, under Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell, are the *Agincourt*, the *Hotspur* and the *Swiftsure*, and several others are at Besika Bay.

Mr. Gladstone and the Steam Woodcutter.

On the 2d of last February, Mr. Gladstone and his son, the member for Whitby, both of whom are expert woodcutters, attended a trial of a steam wood-cutting machine on the Rouppell Park estate, near Tulsa Hill station, where a number of trees were soon laid low in their presence. Mr. Gladstone watched the process with a critical eye, and afterwards made a little speech, in which he said that the machine did about as much work in one minute as a man could do in an hour, and there was besides the advantage of great economy in the timber, as the machine cuts straight through close to the ground, whereas a man must have a "face" of at least twelve inches. He then made some interesting statements respecting his own experience as a woodcutter. Oak, though very hard, was not a bad tree to cut, for the grain broke off easily, and did not cling to the ax. Beech was far tougher, and ash being the two most difficult to fell of our English trees, on account of their bending to the ax. Ash was subject to fracture in felling, and he had a splinter of ash that had broken off in this way, in his own experience, two feet eight inches in length. The pleasantest timber to cut was Spanish chestnut, because it came away so freely, the grain breaking easily. Yew was the most horrible thing to cut of all forest trees. Of holly he had no experience beyond a specimen twenty inches in diameter.

The San Stefano Peace Treaty.

In the preceding column of this page will be found the details of the treaty of peace signed on March 3d, at San Stefano by representatives of the Russian and the Turkish Governments. One of our foreign pictures shows the house, close to the sea-side, which was occupied by General Ignatieff, at San Stefano, and in which the treaty was signed by himself and Safvet Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. The announcement of the event by the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Imperial army is related in our general narrative of the affair in connection with the illustration of the signing of the Treaty.

Presentation of the Garter to the King of Italy.

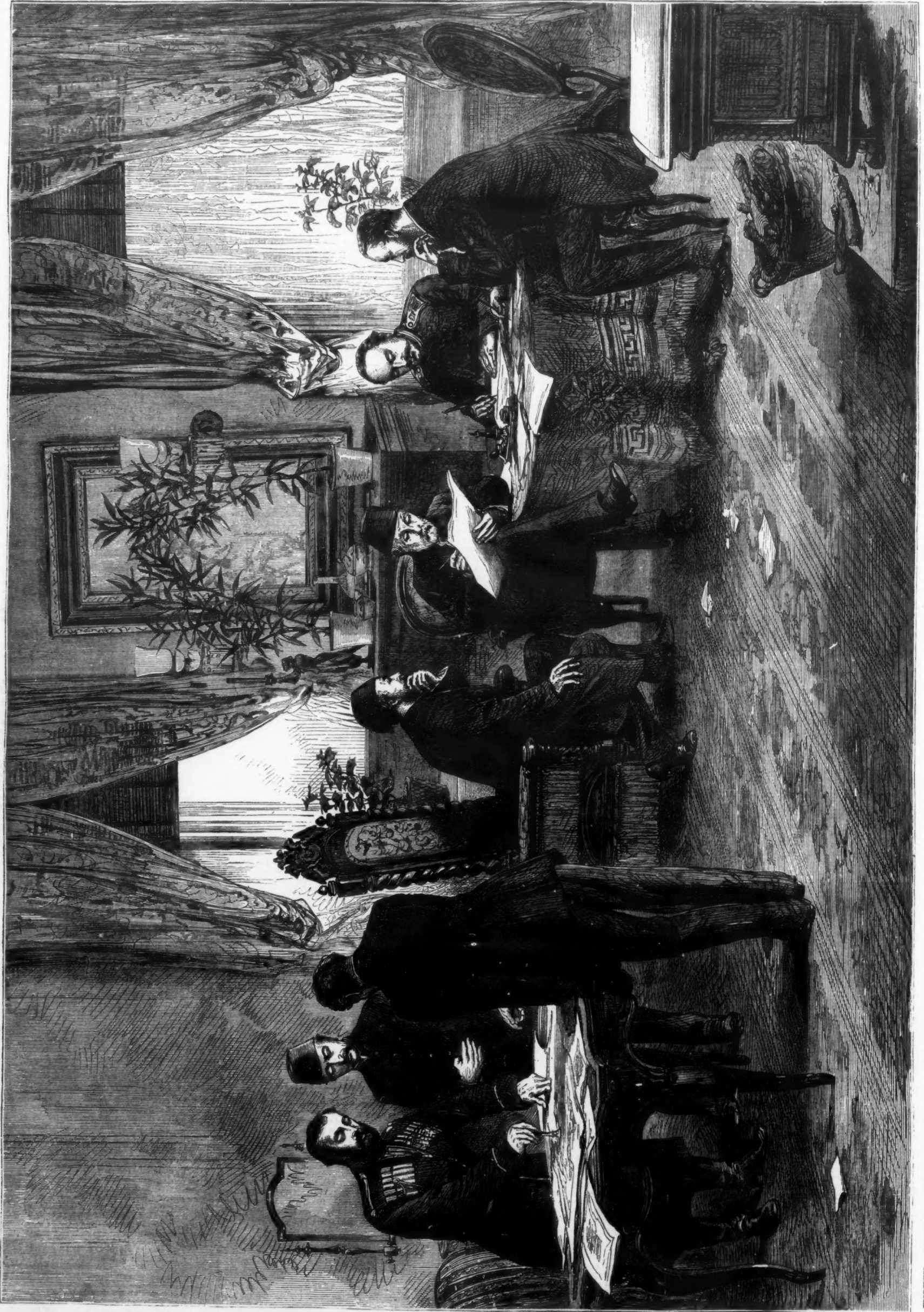
This ceremony took place on March 24, at the Quirinal Palace, Rome, in front of which two battalions of infantry were drawn up, the band playing "God Save the Queen," as the Duke of Abercorn and his suite alighted from the Court carriages in which they had been conveyed thither. They were received by the Introducer of Ambassadors, Count Panisera di Veglio, and the Masters of Ceremonies, and conducted to the Grand Reception Hall. The King and Queen (the former wearing the Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus), the Duke of Aosta, the Ladies-in-Waiting, the Chevaliers of the Order of the Annunziata, the Ministers of State, the Grand Secretary of the Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, Sir George and Lady Paget and the Staff of the British Embassy, and the members of the King's Military and Civil Household were all present. His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, addressing the King, said that Queen Victoria had charged him to hand to His Majesty the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and to express the sincere friendship she entertained towards him. The King replied in a courtly speech, declaring that the high mission of His Grace was a source of pride and heartfelt emotion to him. The Duke of Abercorn is shown in our illustration kneeling to fasten the Garter on the King's knee, while Garter King-at-Arms stands at the duke's right hand. The other members of the mission, noblemen and gentlemen and heralds-at-arms, stand behind these, bearing the various insignia of the Order.

The British War in South Africa.

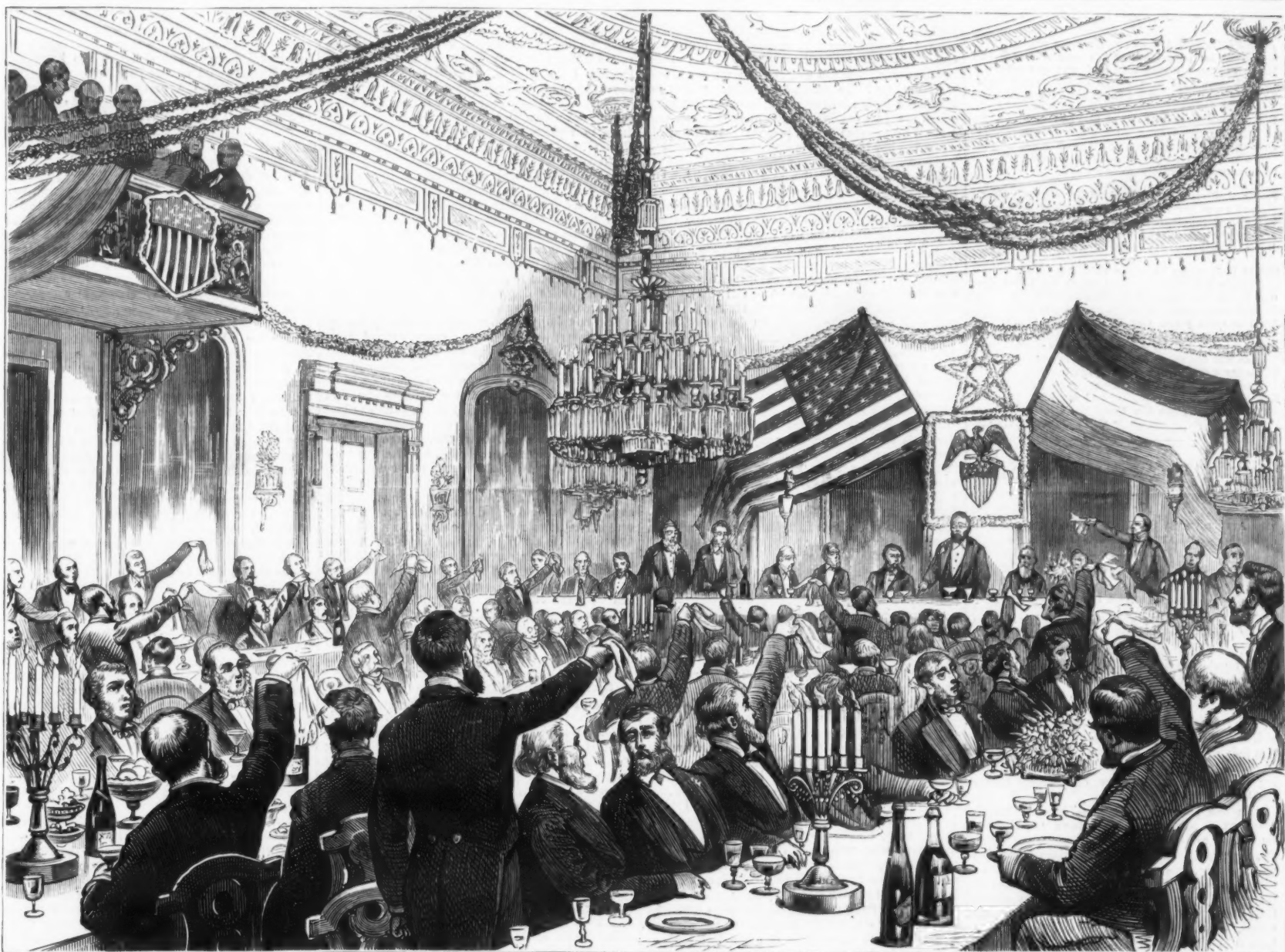
The Caffre war has already furnished the subject for several of our foreign pictures, and in our news columns we have related the sending of troops from Great Britain to the scene of the disturbances. We give this week a picture relating to the voyage of the British steam-transport *Nubian* from Portsmouth to South Africa. It represents a ludicrous scene at the parade of the troops on deck, when the sea was running high, and the ship rolled so much as to afford but an unsteady footing, and to drive not a few brave landmen to relieve their inward qualms by leaning over the bulwark.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

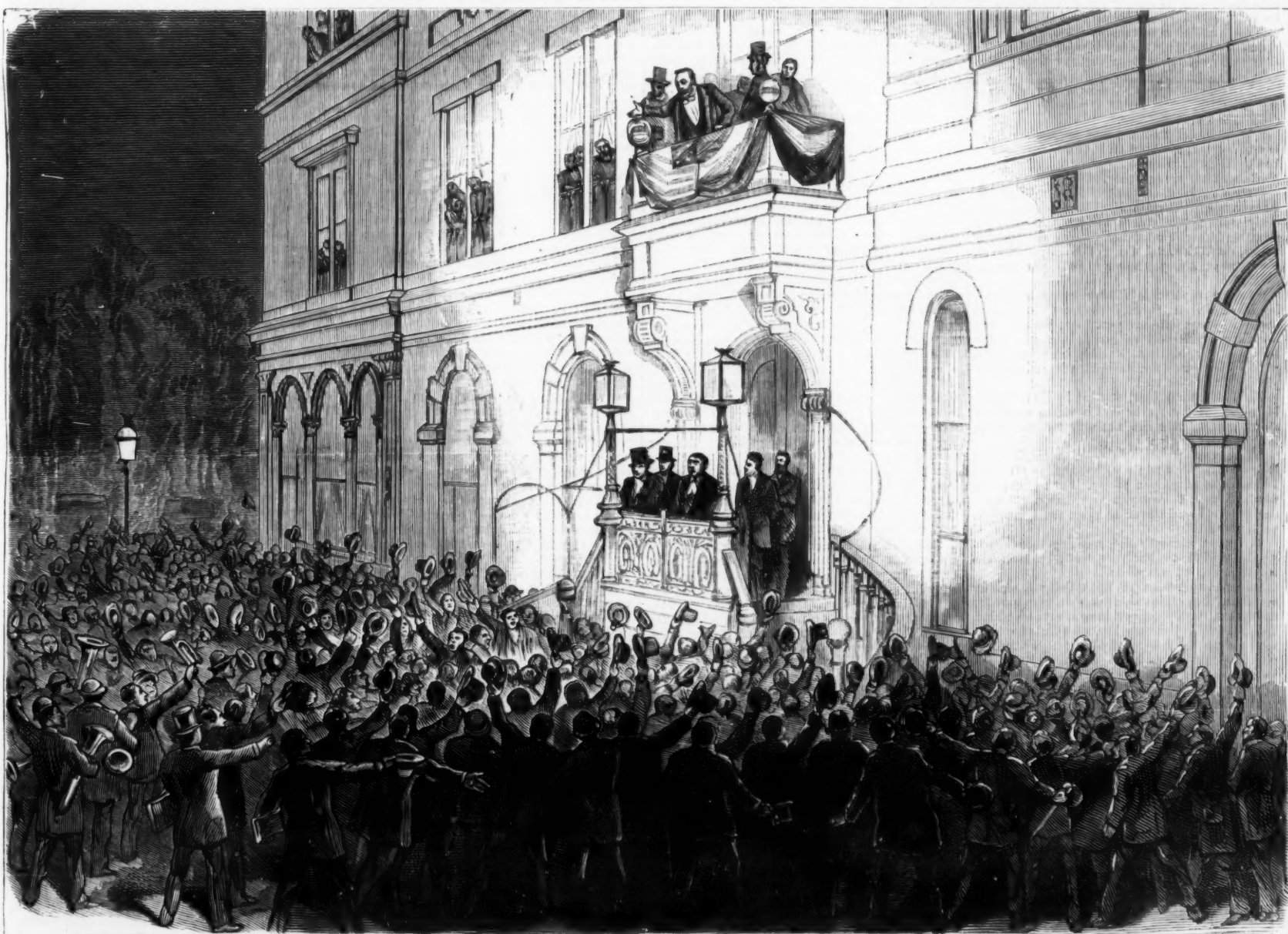
—IN Minnesota women vote on all educational questions.
—FRANCE exported over 16,000,000 bottles of champagne in 1877.
—FOR the last 150 years the lawyer's fee in England has been 6s. 8d.
—HOMOPATHISTS will build a \$25,000 hospital in Cleveland this year.
—FRANCE has paid Germany all but \$3,286,380 of the \$1,051,012,814 war indemnity.
—THE Houses of Parliament, in London, have sunk over two inches during the past year.
—THE Paris Municipality has voted 10,000 francs to the Voltaire centenary celebration.
—A too free use of quinine has made many of the young people of Memphis almost blind.
—OVER 275 quartz locations in Custer and Pennington Counties, Black Hills, have been entered.
—PHILADELPHIA boasts the first baby monkey ever born alive in America north of the Gulf of Mexico.
—NEARLY 300 members of the British Parliament are or have been connected with the army and navy.
—WITHIN the last three months two hundred thousand American clocks have been shipped to Australia.
—THE *Alexandra*, a powerful vessel of the English navy, has no less than 115 water-tight compartments.
—THE authorities of Tennessee report that that State has received 2,008 settlers from the North during the past ten months.
—ROLLER-SKATING is by no means a modern invention or amusement; it was in vogue at The Hague and Scheveningen, in 1790.
—A HOUSE on First Street, Louisville, wherein occurred some of the scenes described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has just been torn down.
—PARISIANS are tired of losing their pocket-handkerchiefs at the wash, and now they have their photographs executed in the centre of each.
—GREECE is now beginning to be a favorite English traveling ground, the Mycenæ discoveries having given a new impetus to the archaeologist.
—A RICH Belgian philanthropist gave the Government \$100,000 a few days ago to help to educate the orphans of people killed in railroad accidents.
—A GOOD substitute for gutta-serena has been discovered. It is called *salata*, and is the hardened resin of a tree growing on the banks of the Amazon.
—THE last tree on the Bowery, in New York City, has been cut down to make way for the elevated railroad, and now its name can be changed with perfect propriety.
—ST. LOUIS is warmly disussing the introduction of the study of German into the public schools. So far public sentiment appears to be strongly against the innovation.
—THE Vermont law requiring a person who has been made drunk to disclose the name of the person who furnished him with the liquor has been declared constitutional.
—THE receipts of grain at Chicago during the first eighteen days of March were greater by 250,000 bushels than during the whole month of March, 1873, when they amounted to 4,389,933 bushels.
—THE University of Caracas possesses the first music book printed in America. It is dated 1604, and the music is printed on a staff of five red lines in the ordinary Gregorian notation. The volume is a small folio.
—THE French Government will not exhibit itself, nor allow to be displayed at the coming Exposition, any war material or inventions which it has lately adopted, or which it thinks of adopting for the army or navy.
—IN Texas about 600,000 horses have been stolen in the past three years. There are now about 750 indicted horse-thieves who are fugitives from justice at large, and half as many more in the penitentiary.
—A DIRECT steam line has been established between New Orleans and Belize, Honduras, by a New Orleans firm. It is the first step towards building up a trade which it is believed will one day assume very important proportions, and is attracting the close attention of merchants in that city.
—A NEW steamer, built for the Sultan of Zanzibar, is ornamented with a number of inscriptions from the Koran. The figure-head, a spread eagle, bears upon its breast the following verse: "Embark on board of her in the name of God, who is her course and her haven; for my Lord is forgiving and merciful."
—IN Rhode Island there are 4,447 single women who pay taxes, and their average property is \$4,510 each. The largest amount on which any one of them is taxed is \$756,700, owned by a Providence woman, and thirty other widows or unmarried women in the city pay taxes on property averaging \$100,000 to each.
—PARIS has had a very poor season this year, and is hoping great things from the Exposition. Prosperous as she has been since 1872, a revenue of three milliards is no trifling raise, and this has to be raised to meet France's expenses. All the world is so hard up nowadays that, even if Paris be crowded, the buyers are likely to be comparatively few.
—AUSTRIA can put in the field for war purposes a standing army of 800,000, including reserves, besides landwehr, ersatz, reserve and landsturm. The compulsory system will attain its full development this year, 1878, and it would not be an exaggeration of the results of Baron Kuhn's organization if we estimate the force now available at 600,000 regular troops.
—THE Edinburgh papers describe a monster sugar pan, of Scotch manufacture, the gross contents of which, up to the boiling line, reach 973 cubic feet, or more than 6,000 imperial gallons. It is calculated to boil forty tons of sugar when charged to the boiling line, the time occupied in the process being from four to seven hours, as the quantity of the liquor and other circumstances may vary.
—THE British Royal Society is gravely investigating the changes of temperature that occur in the human brain. Delicate experiments with thermo-electric apparatus performed on six persons who have offered themselves for the purpose demonstrate, we are told, that mental work causes an increase of heat; even to attract a person's attention raises the temperature. To assist these investigations a chart has been laid out of the head, dividing it into sections; and it is asserted that in a normal state different parts of the head exhibit different degrees of heat.



TURKEY.—GENERAL IGNATIEFF, THE RUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVE, AND SAFVET PASHA, THE TURKISH PLENIPOTENTIARY, SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY, AT SAN STEFANO, ON MARCH 3d.—SEE PAGE III.



MINISTER TAYLOR RESPONDING TO THE COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



GERMAN CITIZENS SERENADING MINISTER TAYLOR AT DELMONICO'S, AFTER THE BANQUET.

NEW YORK CITY.—COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET GIVEN TO HON. BAYARD TAYLOR, U. S. MINISTER TO GERMANY, BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK, APRIL 4TH.
SEE PAGE 115.

NEVER MORE.

O SWEETNESS that can never more return!
Thou art passed out of life—and whither flown?
The hard pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,
And some light hearts may all too quickly learn
To spare the brave, and live without the true.

But as some painter that yet seeks in vain
The long-wooded color for his hungry eye,
And dreams it woven on some foreign loom,
To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky—
So have we lost a glory to the tomb.

Spring shall come round, and all her sounds be dear,
And sweet her lips with all ambrosial dew,
The wooing sun shall set earth's heart astir,
And she rejoice, and we have rapture too;
But one hushed chord shall no more answer her.

Out of life's sunny woof one thread is drawn,
Death's face bath bleached for us her fairest dye;
One flower that bloomed is fallen—later flower
Will never shine as sweet against our sky,
Fill this blank place, that fragrant scent restore.

Ah, painter! take thy brush, for life is short,
And use the colors left thee—they are fair—
But carry still the hunger at thine heart
For that which is not there.
Henceforth, upon thy palette and my life
One unfilled place lies bare.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND
"KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

"PLEASE, miss, a gentleman. It's flowers from somewhere, I think, miss."

The speaker was the maid-of-all-work in the humble household of the Scotellis. "Miss" was, of course, Rachel, who was sitting by her sister's bedside, listless and weary, after a sleepless night.

"Oh! from Miss Russel, I suppose," she said, and, expecting to find that the "gentleman" was that lady's respectable man-servant, she ran quickly down-stairs, her friend's thoughtful kindness having brought a bright glow of pleasure to her cheeks.

"In the parlor, please, miss," was the maid's comment, as she disappeared down the kitchen-stairs, and to the parlor Rachel went, and there, awaiting her with an eager, anxious expression upon his face, was Harry Vaughan! He held an immense bunch of exquisite hot-house flowers; there were many camellias peeping from among their dark, glossy green leaves, and starry cinerarias, with delicate ferns for foliage! Rachel took in their brightness and beauty at a glance, and felt, although she was not conscious of feeling, the contrast they presented to the mean-looking little room, with its shabby carpet, the table, with its faded and beer-stained crimson cloth, and the thin and dust-laden curtains in the window.

She stood holding the door-handle, making no attempt to come into the room, and looking from Vaughan to the flowers in genuine astonishment.

"I did not know who was here," she stammered. "Oh, what lovely flowers!" Then she came in and shut the door.

"Miss Russel told me you were wishing for some," he said, giving them into her outstretched hand. It never seemed to occur to her to shake hands with her unexpected visitor.

"Oh, how kind of you! They are beautiful; I never saw such colors." Then becoming suddenly aware that Vaughan was not in W—, but standing before her in her father's shabby little parlor, she added, "I did not know you were in town—when did you come? Will you not sit down?"

"I came up yesterday," he returned, not heeding her invitation, "and I have not very long to stay. I came up to see you. Oh, Rachel!" and in spite of the flowers he got hold of one of her hands—"dear, dearest Rachel, don't you know what I have come for, and will you not say that you are glad to see me?"

She looked up at him, startled by the fervor of his voice, but the fervor of his glance was more startling still. He did not wait for an answer, but went on rapidly:

"Had you stayed in W—, Rachel, I might have gone on for a while without telling you what I have come to tell you to-day. But I must speak now. Rachel, I love you very dearly, far more dearly than I could ever tell you, and I want you to be my wife."

The sweet, earnest voice, speaking those honest words, thrilled to her very heart, but still she looked down and was silent.

"I have no reason to think that you care for me, dear," he continued, after waiting in vain for a response, "but still you have always been kind, and perhaps, if you only like me a little now, you might come to love me by-and-by. I would do anything in the world to win your love. Oh, Rachel, do not refuse me. I will make you so happy, my darling love."

He held out his arms as though he would have taken her to his heart, but she shrank back, murmuring, in a scarcely audible voice:

"I cannot—I cannot; why did you come—it was easier before."

"What was easier? You are hiding something, Rachel; you have some reason for refusing me, if indeed you do refuse me. Perhaps you think because I am not clever at telling you all I feel for you, that I do not love you enough. Be my wife, Rachel, darling, and you shall see what love is. I could never tell you what you are to me."

"I do not doubt your love," she said, more steadily, "and I thank you for it with all my heart—but I cannot be your wife."

"Oh, Rachel! you do not really mean it!" he said, with such anguish in his voice, that she longed to throw her arms around his neck, and tell him that if she was dear to him, he was doubly dear to her. "You are trying me; you

cannot mean to send me away without some hope. Listen!" he continued, with a rapid change of tone. "I shall stay here in this spot until you consent, unless you tell me plainly that you do not love me; but you will not tell me that, will you, darling?" he added, caressingly. "You do like me a little; look up and tell me that you have given me just one little corner of your heart, and I shall be satisfied for the present." He stopped, watching her troubled face with an eager, questioning gaze.

It was a sore temptation to the poor girl. On the one side was her idea of duty to her father, and a sincere belief that, as the sister of a dishonored woman, she was shut out for ever from the world in which she had lived. On the other was her deep, true love for the man who was standing before her, pleading his own love, and asking her to be his wife. Yes, the temptation was terribly strong, but she would not yield. She believed that Vaughan was ignorant of Ada's story, and would it not, she thought, be dishonorable of her to accept him without telling him the truth. And then, supposing that his affection was at the first strong enough to set that barrier aside, might he not, by-and-by, when the first ardor of his love was over, regret his choice, remembering what his wife's sister was?

It was but the work of a moment for these thoughts to flash through her mind, and then her decision was taken. She must send him away, though her own heart broke in the effort. He would forget her presently (she could never forget him), and be happy with some one else—Julia Fairfax, perhaps—even in the midst of her struggle a vision of Harry's flirtation with the fair Julia rose jealously before her. So, with a great gulp to subdue the emotion which she feared would master her if she were not very quick, she said, and her voice was so unnaturally hard and cold she scarcely knew it herself:

"I can never forget the honor you have done me, Mr. Vaughan, but I do not—"

Rachel did not get time to have the sin of a downright falsehood upon her conscience. Harry interrupted her before she could finish her sentence, and the alteration in his voice was again so marked, that tears of real pain sprang into Rachel's eyes, and her resolution almost failed her.

"Stop," he exclaimed, "that will do. I am quite satisfied; you do not care for me, or you could not speak of the honor I have done you in that cool way. Honor be—I beg your pardon, I do not know what I am saying, I believe. I must not blame you, I suppose, because I have been awakened from a happy dream. Good-by, Miss Scott; I have taken up your time in a most unbecoming manner." He took his hat from the table, opened the parlor-door, opened the hall-door, and was gone before she had time to notice that he did not even take her hand in farewell.

Then she flung the beautiful flowers, which she had held all through the interview, to the ground, and sprang to the window to get a last look at him, but he had been too quick, and she was not blessed even by the sight of his vanishing coat-tails.

"Gone!" was all she said, but the expression on her face was blank and mournful, and sitting down upon the ground, just where she was, she leaned her arms upon the seat of the chair, which always stood in the window, and wished she could fall asleep then and there, and forget for ever the scene that had just ended.

But she was painfully, thoroughly awake, and Vaughan's words, "Don't you know what I have come for; will you not say that you are glad to see me?" were ringing in her ears—they had set themselves to a kind of chant, and she heard them repeated over and over again in that sweet, thrilling voice. And then his other words! He had called her his "darling," and his "dear, dearest Rachel!" Once before these same endearments had been used to her with her name, and she had not liked them; but when spoken by Vaughan, she had thought no music could have been sweeter.

And it was all over now; she could never, never hear him speak such words again. He would go back to W— and marry Julia Fairfax, and she must live on in that dingy house. Oh, how she hated it at that moment, especially how she hated a round splash of grease upon the carpet which she had noticed for the first time close to her feet while Harry was speaking, and which she should never be able to look at now, without thinking of him—that is if there were ever a moment in her life when she was not thinking of him. Yes, she must live on there with her father, and poor Ada, and perhaps she might see him sometimes in the Park, or in the street, with his wife, of course, and he would never know who was watching him, and—Oh, dear, how that sun did glare in on her, and how dreary, and dusty everything looked.

She then got up from the hard floor, and picked up her beautiful flowers, and I fear she was guilty of the insane folly of kissing them, and her first thought was to take them to her own room, and not to let any one see them but herself; but the next moment she was calling herself a selfish little wretch, and away she ran up-stairs to her sister, going very fast indeed, as though she were afraid of being tempted to selfishness again.

"Look, Ada, dear," she said in a cheery voice as she opened the door—"look what a lovely bouquet I have brought you." And Ada stretched out her hands and took the flowers, and smelt them, and fondled them, and poor Rachel had to stand by and see her do it.

She was a brave little thing, that girl of nineteen, who had been more or less petted and made much of during her short life, for she seemed to have resolutely turned her back upon all that had made life pleasant, and to have suddenly laid aside all her little girlish follies and vanities, and to live wholly for others. But for all her bravery she had a sore heart throughout that long, weary day—long, because Vaughan had been an early visitor.

No one suspected, however, with what a crushed spirit she went about her self-imposed tasks. Her father came home about one o'clock with a bad headache, and he had first to be attended to. Then poor Ada was constantly relapsing into the low feverish state which was so trying, and Rachel ran about, up and down-stairs, and made warm

drinks and cold drinks, and apologized to pupils who came for their lessons, and she wrote notes to other pupils, and at length, when she sat down to rest a little, a railway van drove up with all her luggage from W—, which Miss Conway had sternly and unrelentingly packed up and sent after her, and Rachel hated herself for feeling glad when she opened a box, and took out a fresh, cool print dress to replace the black silk in which she had traveled, and which had got crumpled and dusty, and felt hot.

She thought it was so heartless of her to care about seeing all her dresses, and her little ornaments, and her pretty writing-case—a gift from Miss Russel—and her work-box again. But the pleasure did not last long. On opening the work-box, an engagement-card which she had had at a little dancing party in W— fell out, and on taking it up she found Vaughan's name scribbled upon it half a dozen times in Vaughan's own writing, and she remembered several little things which had happened on that particularly happy evening, and several little words that had been whispered in the pauses of the dance. It was too much—the contrast between then and now—a sudden sense of desolation and wretchedness came over her, and she kissed the card, as she had kissed the flowers, and shed the first tears she had shed that day.

It was very foolish, of course, to weep over a piece of ornamental cardboard, but she was very young, and very fond of the man whose name was scribbled thereon.

When she had at last seen her sister settled for the night, and had laid down herself upon a little bed in the same room, to be ready for a call, she determined to indulge herself as much as she pleased by thinking over what had happened that morning, but she was very tired, both in mind and body, so she fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamed—oh, such delicious dreams! from which her waking came all too soon. The following day she had another early visitor. Miss Russel who was about to return to W— in the afternoon, came to say good-by. She had not seen nor heard from Vaughan since he had left her to go to Rachel the day before, and she suspected that the young man's wooing had not prospered. The first glance of Rachel's face confirmed her in this belief. But she was not left long in suspense, for the girl told her in a few words what had passed; at least she gave Miss Russel to understand that Vaughan had proposed to her, and that she had refused him. But she did not, we may be sure, repeat the words he had spoken.

"And may I ask," said Miss Russel, almost severely, "why you refused him? Surely it was not from coquetry, for I think you are incapable of trifling with a man's feelings in that way, and I am sure you care for him."

"He thinks I do not," returned Rachel, with an averted face. "Oh, granny! I let him think so. How could I marry him? Remember poor Ada. Think of—"

"I think you have behaved very badly," interrupted Miss Russel, with an amount of asperity in her voice which Rachel had never heard before; but her sympathies were all with the rejected lover at the moment; then, seeing the tears in Rachel's beautiful eyes, she relented a little, and added, "There, don't cry, dear; I believe I spoke crossly, and I am sure you did what you thought right, but I should have been so pleased to see him happy; he is a noble young fellow."

"Ah!" said Rachel, "if you knew how noble! and he thinks I am a block of marble—I know he does."

"He probably thinks that you are in love with that Mr. Fairfax," replied Miss Russel, with a slight return to severity, "and if he does, it cannot be helped. I cannot make the slightest move in the matter. Indeed I do not see how I could. Young ladies do not generally let men know that they are sorry for having said 'No'—perhaps you are not sorry? However, you have made your choice, and you must abide by it."

"I know it; I am ready to do so," answered poor Rachel, sorrowfully; for now that Miss Russel had so sternly declared her intention of not interfering, she knew she had been looking forward to her mediation to undo that which she was ready to affirm she was not sorry for having done. "I know it," she repeated; "if you had said you were going to speak to Mr. Vaughan, I must have asked you not to do so—but won't you—" and she took Miss Russel's hand imploringly—"won't you sometimes tell me how he is?"

"Oh, yes, I shall tell you all I hear about him with pleasure; but you do not expect to hear, I suppose, that he is pining away on your account?"—"I think Rachel did expect to hear news of that nature concerning him—"because I am sure he will have the good sense to forget all about you as soon as possible. I dare say we shall hear of his marriage to some one before six months." Miss Russel had not much faith evidently in the constancy of man—"Miss Fairfax, perhaps—she will not refuse him."

"Oh, I hope he will not marry her," cried Rachel, almost spitefully. She could not have given any good reason for not wishing Miss Fairfax to become Mrs. Henry Vaughan, but then Harry had flirted before her face with Julia, so that a marriage with her was a possibility, while all the other "somebodies" were vague unrealities. We are always more jealous of the rivals whom we have seen than of the rivals we have only heard of.

"I think she would make a charming wife for him," replied Miss Russel, taking up her muff, "very suitable in every way; and now I must go."

They kissed one another, but it was a cold embrace, and poor Rachel felt that all the joys of her life were going out very quickly, one after another. But before Miss Russel had reached the hall her heart smote her, and she felt that she had been unkind to her favorite; so running back to the little drawing-room, she had Rachel in her arms before that young lady had time to dry the tears which were falling very fast, in spite of heroic efforts to keep back.

"God bless you, my brave child," were the comforting words Miss Russel said; "you have acted nobly and unselfishly, and you must not mind my crossness; good-by, and write to me very often."

And so they parted again, and Rachel felt that the world was not quite so dark as it had seemed when her kind old friend's frown had been added to her other woes; and although she knew that Miss Russel would not mediate between Vaughan and herself, still the prospect of that marriage between him and Miss Fairfax did not seem quite so certain as it had done five minutes before.

CHAPTER X.

FROM that day the change in Rachel's life was complete. She knew that nothing could now happen to make it different to what it was, and it seemed to her one great blank. She did not allow herself to look back, the future she shrank from, and the present was made up of little things, never-ending irksome little duties, which appeared to crowd upon her more and more every day, and to be thrown upon her as a matter of course, and from which no one appeared to derive any benefit.

She went through these duties with a dead, dull apathy for which she absolutely hated herself; but it was astonishing how soon she began to run in a steady settled groove, out of which any change was harder to bear than even the miserable routine. Fortunately for herself, however, she had not to bear that great aggravation of all household ills, the pressing need of money. Within a few days of Miss Russel's return to W— Rachel received a formal-looking document containing, with an explanatory letter from Miss Conway's lawyer, a check for twenty-five pounds, and a similar sum would, she was informed, be forwarded to her every three months, by her aunt's command.

Miss Conway was, in her own way, very fond of Rachel, and upon learning the girl's determination not to abandon her father, she decided upon giving her a hundred a year. Her niece's education, dress, amusements, etc., etc., the old lady calculated had always cost about that sum yearly, and therefore she should have it still.

Rachel was truly grateful for the gift. It enabled her to get many little luxuries for her father and sister, which they, especially the latter, needed, and she wrote to thank her aunt most gratefully. But the old lady, although she cried over the letter, did not answer it. The first and second instalments of her allowance had come most opportunely, for Ada's feverish attacks changed to a regular low fever, which kept her prostrate for a long time, and which made her so weak that but for care and nourishment she must have died.

But although on the whole tolerably contented with her lot, and resigned to her fate, there were days when an evil spirit almost as dark as that which David's skillful fingers charmed away from King Saul, troubled her sorely, and gave to her dark eyes an expression not quite pleasant to see, and a sharpness to her sweet voice not quite pleasant to hear. She would speak crossly to the willing and hard-worked servant, who would do almost anything for "Miss Rachel"—she would be impatient with her father, feeling tempted to fling his pipe into the fireplace, and to overturn his mug of beer. She hated the sound of the pupils taking their lessons in the drawing-room, and would spitefully hope that they might get well scolded. She would listen in grim silence to her sister's often expressed wants, and attend to them with badly suppressed impatience, and then perhaps she would catch a glimpse of her own face in the glass, flushed and rather sour-looking, and, horrified at the sight, she would rush away to her own little room to cry bitter tears of repentance, even while she still longed passionately for her old life again.

And so weeks went on into months. May was past, June was nearly over, and Ada Scotelli was at last pronounced convalescent. When she began to mend, she gained strength rapidly, and her soft, but somewhat insipid beauty returned in all its former freshness.

One lovely afternoon Rachel hired an open carriage, and took her for a drive in the Park. Ada had longed intensely for the treat, and with the genuine unselfishness of her nature Rachel determined to gratify her. Ada lay back in the little phaeton, wrapped in a warm shawl, too languid to speak much, but drinking in with pleasure the genial breeze which fanned a faint color into her pale cheeks. Rachel, too, felt invigorated; it was so very long since she had seen anything approaching to brightness or gaiety, that she thoroughly enjoyed the sight of the gay dresses, and the groups of graceful women, who, with their cavaliers were cantering up and down the ride.

Of course she thought how enjoyable a gallop there would be with him by her side, and equally of course she decided that among the many gentlemen within her view, there was not one to be compared to him. They had got their carriage drawn up as close as possible to the rails at Hyde Park corner, and there they sat watching the ever changing groups, and listening to the sounds of merry voices and laughter. Suddenly Rachel, who was absorbed in her own thoughts, felt her hand grasped tightly, and heard her sister say in a hurried whisper, "Rachel! Rachel, take me away. He is here, look, close to us. I see him."

"Whom do you mean, dear? Don't be frightened," and Rachel held the fluttering little hand—"tell me who it is?"

"Oh, don't you know?" there was a ring of acute mental agony in Ada's voice which attracted the attention of a gentleman, one of a group of three, who were standing talking together at the rails close by. He turned, and Rachel recognized Fairfax. But his eyes went at once from her to her companion, and he started forward with a deep flush upon his face, and even as his hand was upon the door of the carriage, Rachel had given the order to drive on in a clear, ringing voice, and Fairfax again caught her glance for a moment as she did so. There was a world of indignation, scorn, and loathing in it, beneath which he actually cowered for an instant, but the next he had fallen back into his place, and had quietly resumed his interrupted conversation. It was a matter of but slight importance to him now that Rachel Scott at last knew him for the betrayer of her sister.

Ada's eyes were closed, and Rachel feared that she had fainted, but after a while, when they were

driving rapidly through the streets towards home, she sat up and said: "Oh, Rachel! did he see me?"

"Yes," replied Rachel, quietly. "Tell me, Ada," she added, after a pause, "by what name did you know that man? You remember I never heard any name mentioned."

"Villiers," answered Ada; "Reginald Villiers—why do you ask?"

"His real name is Reginald Fairfax," replied Rachel; "he is Lord Wimburne's eldest son."

"You know him, then?"

"I have that honor! I met him last year at his father's place at W—."

"Oh! Rachel, how bitterly you speak."

And that was all that passed. The sisters never again alluded to that chance meeting in the Park; but that either of them could ever forget it was wholly impossible, and yet Rachel could hardly allow herself to think of Fairfax. She had disliked and despised him thoroughly since the affair of the ring, but the conviction of which she could not divest herself, that he had made love to her, knowing that her sister was living with him under the name of Mrs. Villiers, caused her to look upon him with a feeling of downright abhorrence. That any man could be so wicked, so utterly without principle, passed her comprehension. What, then, would her sentiments have been regarding him had she known that he had actually determined to make her his wife, while Ada was still living under his protection at Richmond? It was one of those cases in which ignorance is bliss, indeed.

From that memorable afternoon the position of the sisters towards each other underwent a complete change. I have before explained the difficulty Rachel found in realizing the disgrace which attached to Ada, but from the moment she discovered that Fairfax was the man who had wrought that disgrace, it came home to her in all its power. She could not look at Ada without thinking of the man who had doubtless used all the fascinations of which he was so subtle a master to lure her to her ruin. She seemed to see so plainly the weak points in Ada's character, upon which he had worked. She thought of his triumph when he had succeeded, and she found it very hard not to allow any tinge of dislike to mingle with the pity she felt for the unhappy girl who had so loved and trusted, and been so cruelly betrayed. She tried to make excuses for her, by remembering how she had herself been deceived by him, but it would not do; the real tangible fact of Ada's shameful connection with the man who had so nearly won her own heart remained ever present, and she hated herself for shrinking from the kiss which poor Ada so often bestowed upon her in thanks for some slight service.

And then, too, there was a marked alteration in Ada herself. That passing glimpse of Fairfax, handsome and captivating as he had ever been, shivered at a stroke the work of the past months, and changed wild self-upbraidings into vain regrets, and she felt that, although she had voluntarily given up her lover when he had refused to make her his wife—although she hated him for his deception, and for the taunting words with which he had thrown her position in her teeth, that she still loved him for himself, and that life without him was a very barren and worthless thing.

And so the weeks passed on, and Vaughan sat upon his heel on the rough shingle at Hythe, and learned many things about a rifle which he had never learned before, and tried very hard to forget a fair face, lighted with brilliant violet eyes; and Rachel lived on, enduring the heat of London as best she could, and tried very hard to forget a bright, honest face, with eloquent laughing eyes; and Ada lived on beside her, yet far apart in thoughts, and words and works. She was in perfect health now, and very unlike the shy, gentle girl, for whom Fairfax had watched and waited in the Park two years before. The sentiments she had learned from him, the books he had given her to read, were bearing fruit now, and she daily became more and more hard, cynical and unwomanly. She and Rachel had nothing in common, and it was a positive relief to the latter when, at the end of the summer vacation, Ada announced that she had applied for and got the situation of English governess in a school in Paris.

And thither she departed in excellent spirits (she was so glad to escape from the humdrum, dull life she led at her father's), and with her wardrobe replenished out of Rachel's purse, for the girl had given her every pretty and useful thing she could afford, to atone to herself for the secret pleasure she felt at her departure.

Ada never returned to England, and she is at present mistress of the school which she entered as an English teacher. She has grown very large and very handsome, and more than one—more than a dozen rich and well-to-do Frenchmen would be too happy if Mademoiselle Scotelli would consent to become Madame de —; but Mademoiselle Scotelli dismisses them all, and they never guess that she had conjugated the verb *Aimer* in all its moods and tenses before she had crossed the Straits of Dover.

And then began for Rachel and her father a new phase of existence, and a phase which the former endeavored to believe was all she could desire; but in vain. It seemed, as the days slipped by in never-varying monotony, that she was slipping with them further and further from the old friends and associations. Her life at dear old W— was now almost like a dream; there were times when she could with difficulty believe she had ever lived in the old cathedral city with congenial friends and companions round her.

(To be continued.)

OUR NEW MINISTER TO GERMANY.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE time since the nomination of Bayard Taylor to be United States Minister has been to him one round of the heartiest felicitation. There has been a general desire upon the part of the public, scholars, German citizens and leaders in diplomacy, politics and letters, to render to him unusual honor. Had time permitted him to make a tour of the United States before his departure for Berlin, his

entire route would have been the scene of sincere and liberal ovations. He is a cosmopolitan in the broadest sense of the word; the thinking public of all lands view him with an air of familiarity, and it is doubtful if any contemporary citizen of the United States enjoys a fame more lasting and universal than his.

The clubs had dined and congratulated him, the people of his birthplace had forced him to give them a day of his time for the same object; and then, on the evening of Thursday, April 4th, in the great dining-hall of Delmonico's, nearly two hundred and fifty of the most distinguished gentlemen, representing every honorable walk in life, assembled to give him a farewell. It was a leave-taking such as has rarely marked the departure of one of our own citizens—hearty in expression, deep in fervor, and deliciously informal.

Delmonico's dining-hall on the second floor presented a very attractive appearance. Over the dais at the south end of the room were draped the colors of America and Germany, while in the center were the American eagle and shield. At the opposite end of the room were hung the national colors, bearing a large monogram of the initials of the guest of the evening in blue and white. Over it was the German coat-of-arms, while at either side were the shields of the two countries. Similar decorations adorned the band-stand. Festoons of red, white and blue hung from the ceiling, and radiated to the different chandeliers. The guests were ranged at six tables; one upon the dais, the other five extending from it down the room.

The tables were elaborately adorned with flowers, and each bore a large emblematic piece. Upon the dais-table were the arms of the United States and Germany, and upon the others the following pieces, with their respective legends:

Combat of Lars and Per.

"WHEN THOSE TWO BACKWARD STEPPED, ALL SAW THE FLASH OF KNIVES, THE LIFT OF ARMS, THE INSTANT CLINCH OF HANDS THAT HELD, AND HANDS THAT STROVE TO STRIKE."

Bedouin Song.

"FROM THE DESERT I COME TO THEE ON A STALLION SHOD WITH FIRE."

The Old Pennsylvania Farmer.

"I'M GLAD I BUILT THIS SOUTHERN PORCH; MY CHAIR SEEMS EASIER HERE; I HAVEN'T SEEN AS FINE A SPRING THIS FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEAR."

The Quaker Widow.

"THEE FINDS ME IN THE GARDEN, HANNAH."

The Song of the Camp.

"THEY SANG OF LOVE AND NOT OF FAME, FORGOT WAS BRITAIN'S GLORY; EACH HEART RECALLED A DIFFERENT NAME, BUT ALL SANG 'ANNIE LAURIE.'"

The venerable William Cullen Bryant, happy as a maiden with her first love, presided over the banquet and the subsequent congratulations, occupying a chair at the dais-table.

When the coffee and cigars had been served after a remarkably good dinner, Mr. Bryant arose and opened the intellectual part of the entertainment with a happy speech, in which he spoke of the universal applause with which Mr. Taylor's appointment had been received throughout the country, and sketched various of the poets and *littérateurs* who had made a success in diplomacy.

When Mr. Taylor rose to respond, the company stood up, and the hall rang with cheer after cheer, until the band restored equanimity by playing "Hail to the Chief." As the last note faded away Mr. Taylor bowed and proceeded to deliver the following reply:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: You will pardon me for saying that the magnitude of the honor you confer upon me increases, in the same proportion, the test of my capacity to deserve it. I am confronted before leaving home by the most difficult of all diplomatic tasks. If I should try to express what I feel on being thus accepted as a member of that illustrious company which begins with Homer and counts Bryant among its noble masters, I might displease the politicians; if I dwell too much on the official honor which you all welcome to-night, I may fail to satisfy my literary brethren. I can only say that the beam is level, because each scale is filled and heaped with all that it can hold. But you are too frank and generous for diplomacy, and I dare not use the dialect of diplomacy in responding. Let me be equally frank and declare how more than honored, how glad and happy I am, that this God-speed comes not from any party or special class of men, but from the united activity and enterprise and intelligence—the scientific, artistic, and spiritual aspiration—of this great city. I do not go abroad as a representative of a party, but of the Government and the entire people of the United States. I shall not ask of any one who comes to me for such assistance or information as I may be able to render more than the simple question, 'Are you an American citizen?' So far as the duties of my position are concerned, I hope to discharge them faithfully and satisfactorily. I am accredited to a Court with which our Government has never had other than friendly relations, and cannot anticipate any other; and if an important question should arise requiring the decision of a wiser judgment than mine, I am able to communicate instantly with the head of the Department of State, who, more than any other living statesman, has labored to substitute peaceful arbitration for war in settling disputes between nations. I may, therefore, without undue estimation of self, look forward calmly and confidently to my coming duties. I feel that I may also claim the right, this evening, to magnify mine office. I cannot agree with those of our legislators who seem willing to return to the practices of semi-civilized races in the earlier ages of the world, and abolish all permanent diplomatic representation abroad. I prefer to recognize the increased and ever-increasing importance given to such posts by the growth and nearer intercourse of all nations. It is a mistake to suppose that a Minister is merely a political representative, whose duties cease when he has negotiated a treaty of commerce or defended the technical rights of his countrymen. Our age requires of him larger services than these. He ought also to be a permanent agent for the interchange of reciprocal and beneficent knowledge, making nations and races better acquainted with each other—an usher, to present the intelligence, the invention, the progressive energy of each land to the other—always on hand to correct mistaken views, to soften prejudices, and to knit new bonds of sympathy. Finally, as a guest, privileged by the Government which receives him, because chosen by that which sends him, he must never forget that every one of his fellow-citizens is honored or dishonored, justly or unjustly judged, by the action of him who represents the country!"

"If you think my conception of the position a worthy one, you lighten somewhat the burden of my gratitude to you; for I shall do my utmost to make that conception a reality. Let me also believe that there is a real strength conferred by

friendship, that there is help in congratulation, and good omen in good-will! You have given me a farewell cup brimming over with unmingled cheer and sparkle. The only bitter drop in it comes from my own regret at parting, for a time, from so many true and noble-hearted friends."

Mr. Taylor was followed, in turn, by Mayor Ely, Edwards Pierpont, George H. Boker, Samuel D. Babcock, George William Curtis, "Mark Twain," Charles Dudley Warner, Chief Justice Daly, William D. Howells, and Rev. Drs. Bellows, Rogers and Hitchcock. Letters of regret were read from Secretary Evarts and Messrs. Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Aldrich, Fields, Bancroft Davis, John Bigelow, Edwin Booth, and many other gentlemen.

Just as the guests were about to depart, it was announced that a large deputation of German citizens had assembled in the neighborhood, and wished to give Mr. Taylor a farewell serenade in the street on the north side of the building. The street was lighted with the glare of a calcium burner, and it was found that a brass band and about thirty members of the *Vertreter der Abt Schidler*, together with a general assemblage that filled Twenty-sixth Street, from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, had gathered outside. The guests swarmed to the windows, and Mr. Taylor and a small party appeared upon the balcony as the band played one of Abt's compositions. The singing society followed with a vocal composition by Abt, and Carl Lahn's "Walden am Keis," with instrumental accompaniment. As the music ceased, Captain Siebert, who stood beside Mr. Taylor in the balcony, turned to him and presented him with a congratulatory and farewell address, arranged by Mr. John M. Schmidt for the *Vertreter der Abt Schidler*, and handsomely engrossed. Mr. Taylor received the address with a bow of thanks, and, turning to the assemblage in the street, responded to it in the German language, to the great delight of the serenaders.

The address was received with warm applause. At its conclusion three cheers were given for Mr. Taylor by the singers and crowd in the street, and the cheers were echoed from the windows of Delmonico's building. Bowing a farewell, Mr. Taylor withdrew, and soon after the dining party and serenaders dispersed.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Alloy that can be Poured upon Steel and Iron.—It is convenient in practice to be able to combine steel or iron with brass, and thus be spared the labor of fastening by bolts and screws. In most cases the unequal expansion of the metals throws many difficulties in the way of permanent combination, and the union on the surfaces is not intimate enough to secure permanency. The following alloy, however, adheres firmly to iron and steel and can be recommended: 3 parts of tin, 39½ parts of copper, and 7½ parts of zinc. The alloy is something between brass and bronze and possesses a good color. In preparing it the same precautions must be observed as in making brass. By surrounding iron with this alloy it will be protected from the action of sea water.

A Journal of Forestry.—The preservation of forests has become such a vital question that societies have been formed for the promulgation of information on the subject, and a special journal has been started in England to afford a medium of communication with the public. Among the topics discussed we notice "Cultural First Principles," "Climate," "Nature of the Soil," "Theoretical Considerations as to the Treatment of the Soil," "Drainage," etc. The growth of rushes, the wood-rush, the bog asphodel and mosses on the surface, are sure indications of the absolute necessity of drainage. One number contains useful hints as to the preservation of timber for fencing or in damp underground constructions. The journal calls attention to the drying up of important agricultural lands by the removal of trees from the mountain sides. The waste of timber is also earnestly deprecated.

The American Geographical Society.—This society being more popular in its objects than an Academy of Sciences, is able to enlist the co-operation of a large number of citizens, and it is now in a most flourishing condition. At the annual meeting in January, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly was unanimously re-elected President, and Mr. Francis A. Stout, Vice-President. The society owns a building of its own, where there is a library and a large collection of maps, and to which the members resort as they would to a social club. Nearly every month public meetings are held at Chickering Hall to hear the reports of travelers who have returned from visiting distant lands. The society also publishes a bulletin containing much information in reference to recent geographical research. There ought to be in such a city as New York a membership of five thousand in the Geographical Society of persons interested in promoting a knowledge of our own and other countries. The society could then exert a powerful influence in securing accurate surveys of our States and Territories, and also be able to fit out expeditions to parts of our country hitherto but little known. In the wake of such explorations always follow increased commerce and emigration.

Hydrophobia and Rabies.—There is a broad distinction between hydrophobia in the human species and rabies in the lower animals. The term hydrophobia is often applied to both diseases, but rabies in a dog is an entirely different disease. It has been and still is a subject of dispute whether rabies can originate spontaneously in the dog or must be communicated by inoculation. The weight of testimony appears to oppose the idea of spontaneous origin, although numerous cases have been cited where contact with a diseased animal appeared to be impossible. Rabies has been ascribed to extreme heat of the weather, and it is thought by many to be especially likely to occur during the dog-days. But statistics show that this is not the case, as the disease occurs at all seasons indifferently. The first symptoms of rabies usually consist in a change in the temper of the dog, which becomes sullen and snappish, and which often bites those around it, even without any provocation. The appetite becomes capricious, food often being refused and all kinds of rubbish swallowed, and the dog often utters dismal howls. It is in this stage that the dog wanders from home, apparently under the influence of maniacal excitement, biting all dogs and human beings whom it happens to meet. It is to be noted that the dog does not exhibit any of the dread of water which is such a painful symptom when the disease affects man. The whole course of madness in the dog is run in from four to eight days, the majority of cases proving fatal about the fourth or fifth day. If it be true that hydrophobia never occurs except from the contagion of a rabid animal, it follows that with the extinction of rabies the danger would necessarily disappear. It is believed by Sir Thomas Watson that if all dogs were to be subjected to a quarantine of several months, the disease would die a natural death. The difficulty is, however, that in order to utterly eradicate the disease, we must include in the quarantine all cats, foxes and wolves, all of which animals have been known to communicate hydrophobia. Hydrophobia resembles diseases of the zymotic class, which, though always more or less prevalent, only occasionally prevail with epidemic intensity. The conditions required for the spread of the disease are sometimes more favorable than at others. Unfortunately it is only rarely that we can do more than surmise what these special conditions really are.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HENRY WARD BEECHER will visit California in the Summer.

M. LAMY, the distinguished chemist and discoverer of the metal thallium, died recently in Paris.

DEAN STANLEY is slowly improving in health, though he is as yet unable to take part in any public duty. The Queen frequently inquires after his health.

MANY years ago Congress gave the widow of President Tyler the franking privilege, and she uses it to this day.

DR. PERRY, of Exeter, N. Y., now over ninety, is one of those who rode down the Hudson with Robert Fulton on his first steamer.

GARIBALDI has just lost his granddaughter Anita, aged twelve. Her grandmother was the first wife of the illustrious patriot, and died in 1849.

POOH Prevost-Paradol's daughter, Lucy, is dead, only a few weeks after her brother's suicide. As the only remaining child is a nun, the family is extinct.

THE great philosopher, Immanuel Kant, is to have a monument at Königsberg. The city authorities head the list of donors with a subscription of \$1,000.

RUMORS of a matrimonial alliance between the Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain and brother of King Humbert, and the Princess Colonna, have been in circulation at Rome.

MUCH of the late Brigham Young's personal property was recently sold by auction at Salt Lake. His gold watch brought \$900, the guardchain \$300, and his spectacles were sold for a fabulous amount.

THE Duke of Sutherland, who owns over a million of acres in Scotland, has obtained leave, his heir consenting, to disinherit his estates in that country. They have been in the family five or six centuries.

THE income of the ex-Empress Eugénie is about \$250,000 per annum, and she is the owner of the Camden House, Chislehurst, England. Her ex-Majesty is very stout. In dress she effects the simplicity of Victoria.

JOHN B. GOUGH said, at the close of a recent lecture, that he intended to go to London to deliver thirty lectures in June, after which he would go to some country where the English language is not spoken, and there he meant to rest.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS is negotiating for land in Onaburgh Street, London, on which she intends to erect lodgings for the poor, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons, at a maximum rent of four shillings sixpence weekly for domicile.

THE Emperor of Japan has established an Order of Merit, and is sending around decorations of the second and third class with a lavish hand. The first class is reserved for very eminent merit, and it has just been bestowed on the Emperor of Russia.

THE Khedive of Egypt will soon marry a daughter of Khali Sherif Pasha, one of his relatives, with whom he has hitherto not been on good terms. The Khedive made the lady's acquaintance at Cairo, whither she had come to settle financial matters.

CHARLES EDWARD VINCENT has been appointed superintendent of the great detective department of Scotland, London. He is a remarkable man, having been called to both the English and French Bars, speaks thirteen languages, and has written a number of important military works.

MR. TENNYSON is said to be engaged upon a new historical drama, which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon great characters and events in English history which the Poet Laureate originally contemplated, and of which two, "Queen Mary" and "Harold," have already appeared.

THE Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild has just bought for \$70,000 two groups in bronze, discovered in an old Venetian palace, and attributed to Michael Angelo. Each of them represents a panther, on which is leaning a graceful figure of either a satyr or a faun. They are to be shown at the Paris Exhibition.

MR. LARKIN J. MEADE's design for a memorial monument to Senator Morton presents a shaft rising from a base and sub-base, and supporting, at the height of 115 feet, a figure of the dead Senator in heroic size. He is represented in the attitude of speaking. The cost of a monument executed after this plan is estimated at \$100,000.

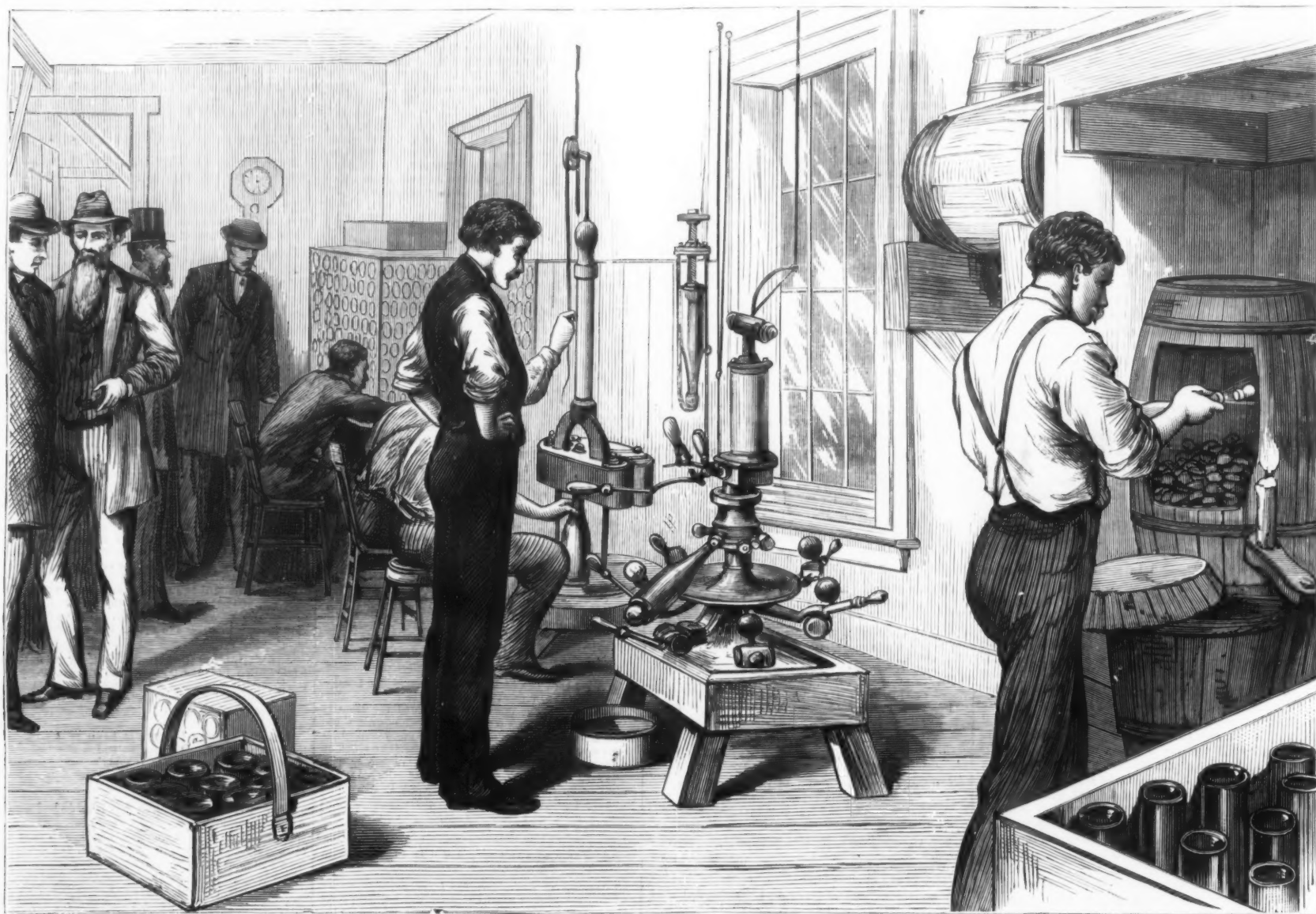
ALBERT E. CHURCH, Professor of Mathematics, died suddenly at West Point, March 30th. He held the position for forty years, and during that time published several mathematical books, which are used in the best colleges throughout the country. Professor Church was appointed a cadet from Cincinnati, and graduated at the head of his class in 1828.

PRINCE LOUIS, the son of Napoleon III., has just entered on his twenty-third year. He cannot exactly be called Prince Imperial, for there is no French Emperor. It is said that an understanding was arrived at long since with the British Court, and with the full consent of the Empress Eugénie, that the son of the late Emperor should be called, as his father was in his early exile, Prince Louis Napoleon.

DR. C. B. EDNY, of Finchville, Ky., has recently imported from Canada a drove of choice Berkshire hogs, and has erected a home for them of great grandeur. The building is made of heavy stone, and through it runs a hallway 600 feet long, traversed by a rippling stream of water. Perfect light, ventilation and other essentials to porcine comfort have been secured, and the entire establishment cost \$20,000.

MTESA, King of Uganda, whom Speke found a bloody savage and Stanley left an inchoate Christian, is learning to read and write English, and very anxious to get instruction in geography, botany and mineralogy. An English missionary, Rev. C. T. Wilson, has been preaching there, and Lieutenant Smith, of the Nyanza mission, teaches Mtesa. It all has to be done in public, and the King does not get on very fast. Recently, Smith found him teaching a number of small boys the letters he had already learned, for Mtesa wants to personally impart the new knowledge to his people.

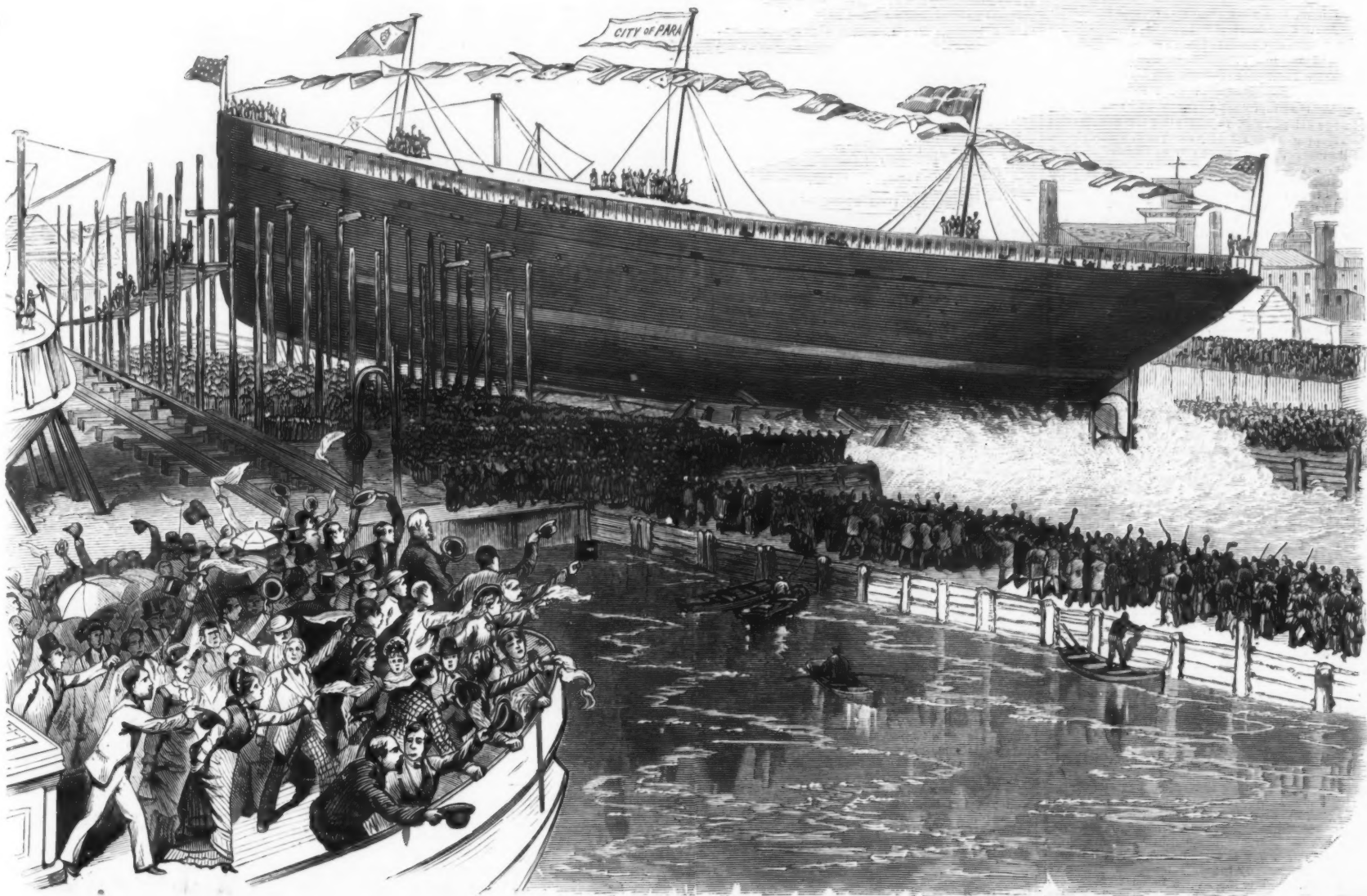
GORTSCHAKOFF is eighty years old, the richest man in Russia, and is considered the most agreeable diplomatist in Europe. One reason for his success is ascribed to the fact that he is not required to make speeches to the country. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says he talks slowly, writes grandiloquently and gives high-minded reasons for everything he advises or does. Persons who might have expected him to explain some tortuous piece of policy on cynical grounds are staggered by his semblance of perfect good faith, and by the reassuring promises which he makes in a tone of stately gentleness, to which his venerable appearance gives the stamp of wisdom and truth. His strength is patience; his talent lies in seizing opportunities the moment they arrive; and these opportunities come through the simplicity of the foreigners who trust him.



NEW YORK.—SKILLED WORKMEN DISCHARGING THE SEDIMENT FROM NEWLY-BOTTLED WINE. AT THE MANUFACTORY OF THE URBANA WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—GOVERNOR WADE HAMPTON INDORSING THE POLICY OF PRESIDENT HAYES AT A MEETING AT ANDERSON COURT HOUSE, MARCH 27TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. BROADBERRY, GREENVILLE, S. C.—SEE PAGE 111.



PENNSYLVANIA.—PRESIDENT HAYES ATTENDING THE LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "CITY OF PARA," OF THE NEW STEAM PACKET LINE TO BRAZIL, AT ROACH'S SHIPYARD, CHESTER, APRIL 6TH.—SEE PAGE 118.

WINE-MAKING AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

WE illustrate this week one of the most interesting processes in the manufacture of wine, as conducted by the Urbana Wine Company, of Hammondsport, near Bath, N. Y. After lying for nearly two years with its head downward, each bottle collects in its neck a deposit of sediment, which must be discharged before the wine can be prepared for market. This is done as shown in the picture, and by skilled workmen, with rapidity and

mondsport is conducted on a large and substantial scale, employing abundant capital and the best business and professional ability. Five hundred acres are planted with vines from which the grapes are obtained, and the most complete and perfect facilities, in the way of machinery, vaults of vast capacity, and skilled labor, are constantly employed. The General Superintendent of the Company is Mr. A. J. Switzer, who directs affairs at Hammondsport, and in this city the business is well managed by Mr. Dan B. Hopkins, at 88 Chambers Street. The Urbana Wines have gained their high standing by many years of practical tests in the markets and on the tables, and will hold it by substantial merit. Climate, soil and all which enters into their production are similar, in many respects superior, to those employed in the foreign wine industry, and as a consequence the Urbana Wines yield the palm to none in this or any other country.

HON. J. BIRNEY, U. S. MINISTER TO HOLLAND.

THE Hon. James Birney, United Minister at The Hague, is a native of Danville, Ky. His father was James G. Birney, candidate for the Presidency in 1844. He pursued a collegiate course at Centre College, Kentucky, and Miami University, Ohio, and after graduating from the latter institution he was engaged by its trustees as Professor of the Greek and Latin languages. Subsequently he attended the lectures of the Law School at Yale College, and entered upon the practice of law in Cincinnati. Removing to Michigan, he soon became engaged in the politics of that State, and, after holding several minor offices, he was elected District-Attorney.

From this position he was elected, successively, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor, Circuit Judge, and a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1872 to 1876 he served as a Commissioner of the Centennial Exhibition from Michigan. While holding this office he was nominated to be United States Minister to Holland, and was promptly confirmed by the Senate. In March, 1876, he reached his post, and, besides discharging his duties as American representative, he has devoted much time to negotia-

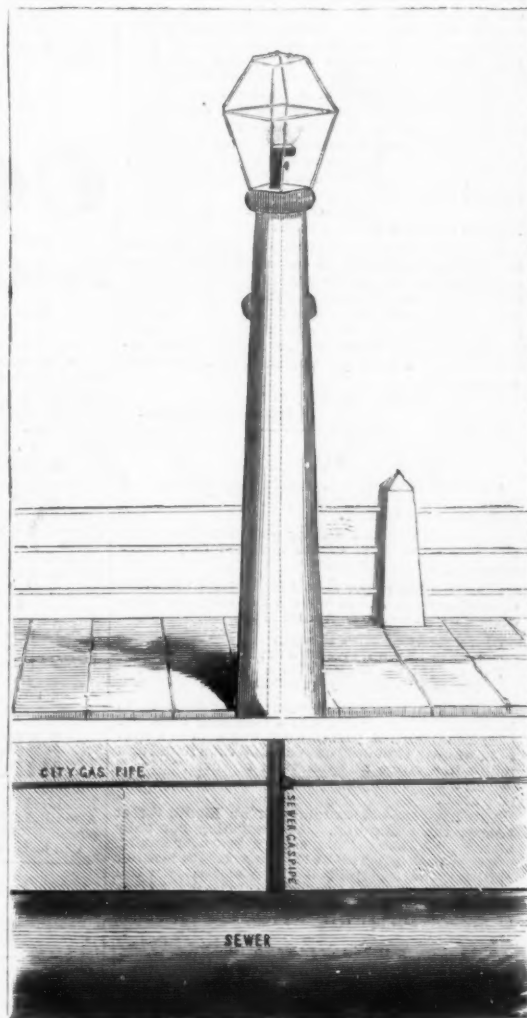
tions to avert war between Holland and Venezuela. In June last he was presented to Queen Victoria on the occasion of Her Majesty's reception of General Grant.

DESTRUCTION OF SEWER GASES.

WHILE the malignant influences of sewer poison is engaging the attention of scientists and the people generally the world over, the contrivance of Dr. S. J. Corbett, of Los Angeles, Cal., to ventilate and purify the sewers is worthy of serious consideration. He proposes to utilize the ordinary gas-lamps for this purpose, by having them connected not only with the gas mains but the sewers. A cap is arranged which simultaneously turns on both sewer and illuminating gases. The flame establishes a suction which attracts the sewer-gas to the jet, thus insuring the destruction of the germs of disease by combustion. At the same time the suction causes an uninterrupted and thorough ventilation of the sewers and contributing drain pipes. To each street-lamp is attached a tube about two and a half inches in diameter passing from the top of the sewer to the gas jet. The moment the gas is lighted the jet acts as an air-pump, drawing the noxious gas out of the sewer. Not only are the sewers thoroughly ventilated, but every disease germ and every germ of whatever nature which passes through these tubes is brought in contact with the flame of the gas-jet and destroyed. Sewer gas—*per se*—does not kill people or cause disease, but the disease germs which it carries are what produce fatal results.

Dr. Corbett claims that if the sewers are thoroughly ventilated once in twenty-four hours, and the gases and their germs destroyed, as can surely be accomplished by this method, the air of houses and streets will never be contaminated by sewer-gas, because there will not be time during the day for sufficient gas to be generated to cause the least pressure. In very bad districts, in each block, a larger pipe could be used, with two or more gas jets, but he does not think this would ever be necessary. His idea is a very suggestive one, because the principal study of late has been to devise a plan for so improving the traps in buildings as to prevent the entrance into apartments of gas that there finds its only escape from the sewers. While the variety of these plans now in operation will answer the purpose to a greater or less degree, none of them have been conceived with the idea of eliminating or destroying the gas, all being merely

devices to keep the gas in the pipes, or to drive it from the closets and bath-rooms into the street mains. If Dr. Corbett's plan should be extensively adopted, there would be little use for these air-tight traps; indeed, as the sewer-gas is drawn out by suction, and then burned in the flame of the street-lamp, the old-fashioned traps might be the best, as affording assistance to the suction. The subject is one of great value at the present moment, when building operations are being resumed in our large



CALIFORNIA.—DR. S. J. CORBETT'S SYSTEM FOR DESTROYING SEWER-GAS.



HOLLAND.—HON. JAMES BIRNEY, OF KENTUCKY, UNITED STATES MINISTER AT THE HAGUE.

dexterity, so that the contents of the bottle are neither lost nor agitated. After the removal of the sediment, the remaining processes are simple and readily performed.

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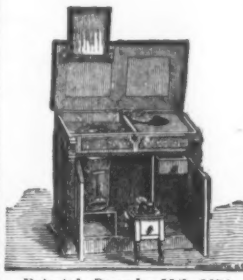
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and Sympathy. By Rev. G. A. Page.
At Antwerp.
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Prayer, By Fletcher Bates.—The Deacon's Singing-
school.
The Education of After-life By Dean Stanley.
A Beautiful Incident.—Personal Purity.
Toilet of a Pompeian Lady.
One Life Only. By F. M. F. Skene. (Continued.)
The Lady Arabella Stuart.—A Russian Village.
Some Time. By Eleanor Grantham.—Destroying the
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Pope Leo XIII.
The Home Pulpit: Rest. By the Editor.
Below all Depths.—The Nest of the Dormouse.
A Lesson from a Coffin-plate.
The Birds and the Light-houses.—Here!
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Love's Victory.
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The Infidel Sheep.
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German Charcoal-burners.
Sir Isaac Newton. By Alfred H. Guernsey.
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The Income of the German Crown Prince.
I A-k Thee for the Daily Strength. By Anne L. Waring.
The Exact Truth.—The Cathedral of Seville.
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The Robber Crab.
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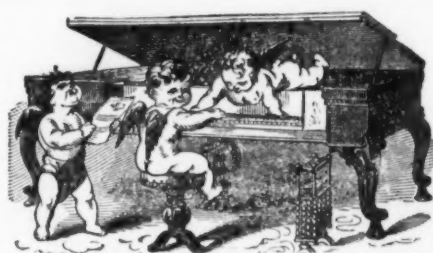
Sir Isaac Newton.
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Providing for the Family.
The Russian Widow and the Emperor.
Spaniards in Search of El Dorado.
The Grotto Azurra, near Naples.
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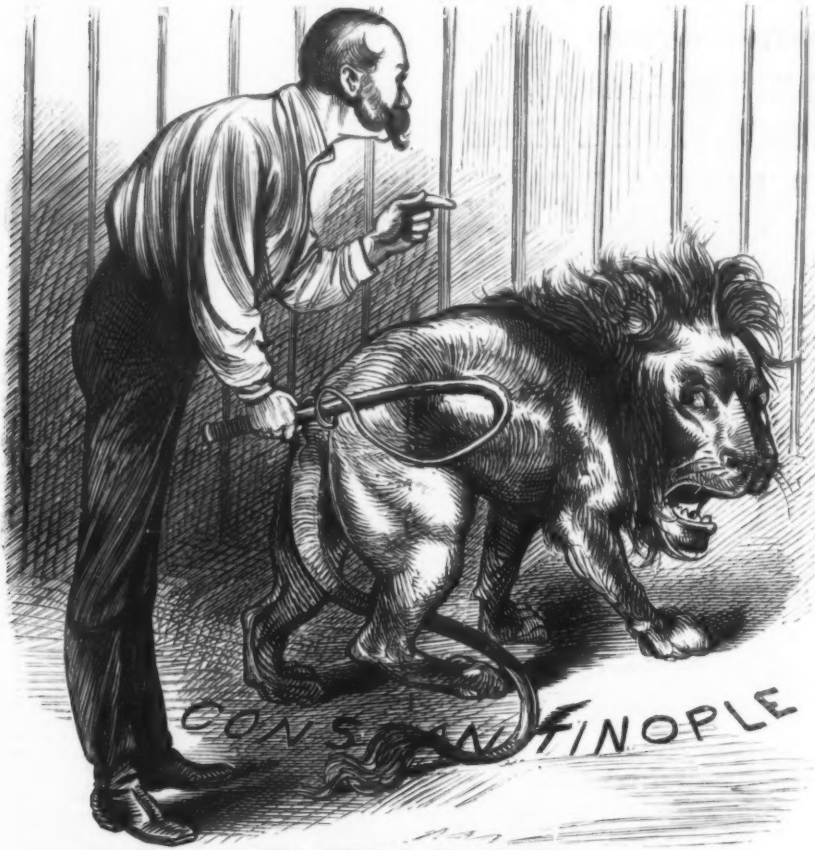
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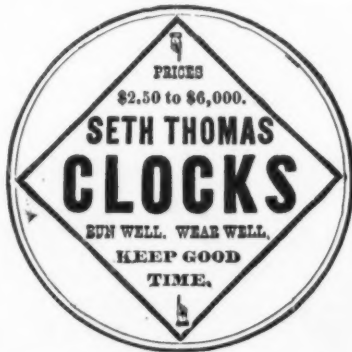
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